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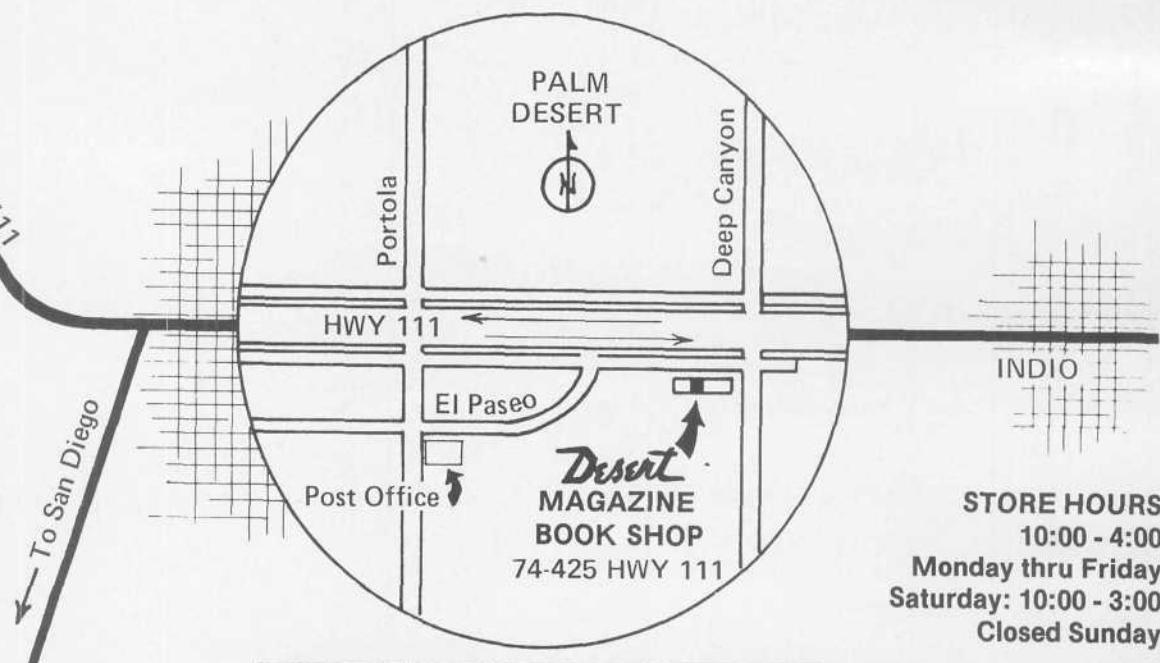
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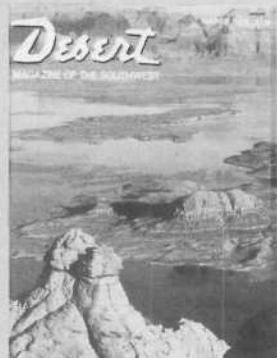
Volume 42, Number 3

MARCH 1979

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THE COVER:
Gunsight Arm, Lake Powell
from Ahlstrom Point, South-
ern Utah. Photo by David
Muensch of Santa Barbara,
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The Man Who Captured Sunshine

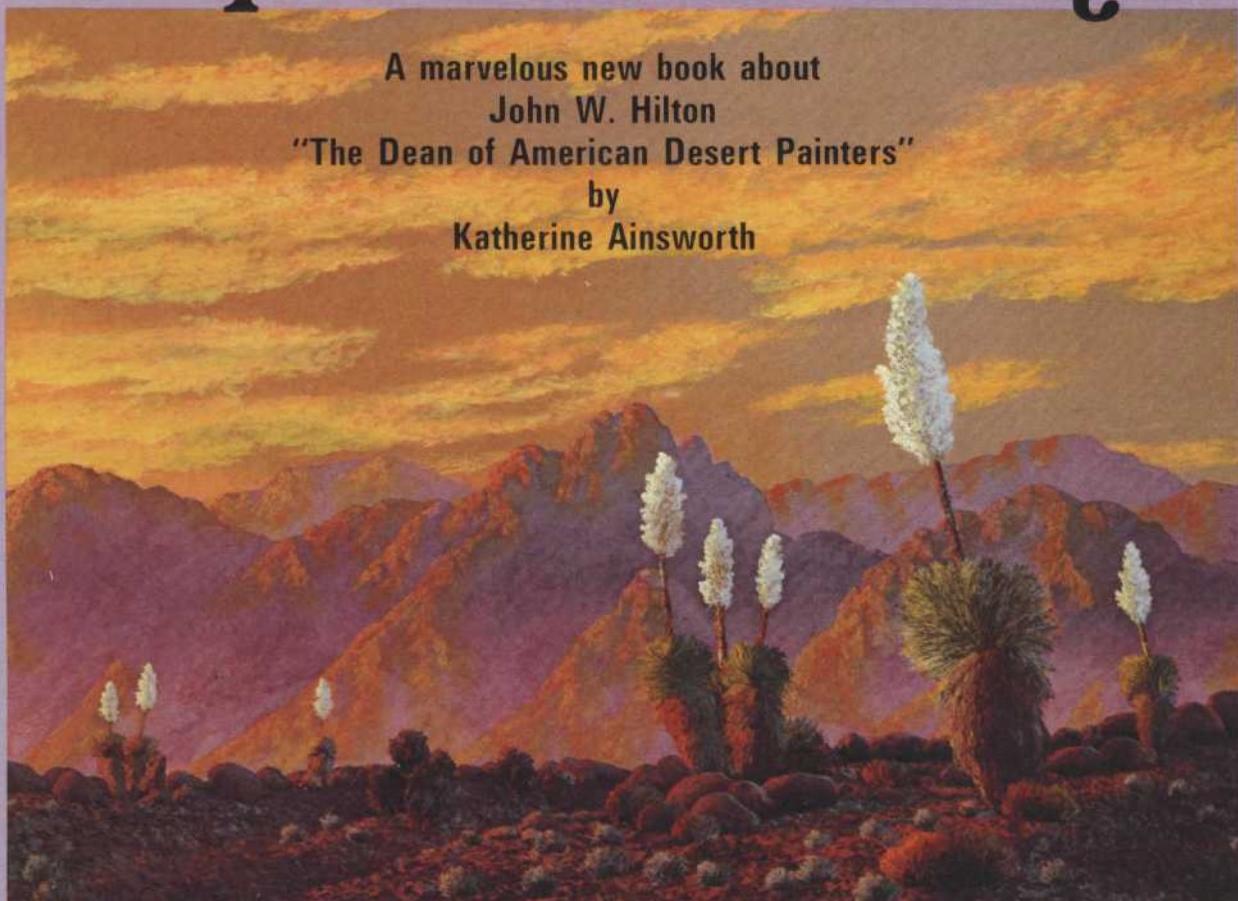
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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

PROFESSIONAL LIARS will gather Saturday night, March 31st, around a smoky campfire in front of Desert Steve Ragsdale's famous Pegleg Monument, northeast of Borrego Springs, down in San Diego County, for the fifth revival of the historic Pegleg Liars Contest. There is no entry fee or admittance charge for this impromptu event. Spectators and liars alike are asked to bring ten rocks to put on the monument, actually a pile of stones erected more than 30 years ago by the late desert character and founder of the little town of Desert Center, Steve Ragsdale.

Three past winners, all from the Liars Capital of California, the town of Hemet in Riverside County, are expected to compete. Anne B. Jennings, who won last year with an outlandish but credible tale of the U.S. Army Camel Corp before the Civil War, will face Ben Stirdvant, the 1975 winner, and Walt Frisbie, who topped the group in 1976. The only other winner from past years, Lowell Lindsay, from Amarillo, Texas, is not expected back this year.

The monument is located adjacent to the Borrego-Salton Seaway, about 16 miles west of State Highway 86 from the Salton City turnoff.

As usual, the contest arrangements are as informal as the event. Maurice (Bud) Getty, manager of the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, and Bill Jennings, a writer for Desert Magazine and editor for the Boyd Deep Canyon Research Center, here in Palm Desert, are co-chairmen. With their usual aplomb, the chairmen insist that this year's special invited guest is singer Helen Reddy. Last year, it was Annette Funicello, the famous queen of Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club, who insisted she had not been asked, but might have come if she had been. Miss Reddy has not responded, either . . .

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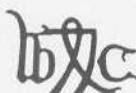
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From 'rango to buckaroo, from mare-chaser to soldier in the first World War, from guide and packer in the back country to rancher and horse raiser, this is the true story of Ed James and a way of life that was more than colorful. The hardships and dangers endured by those who spent most of their lives out of doors, like Ed James, read like fiction, yet these old-timers would have had it no other way. A real-life memoir of the old days and ways.



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A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN'S GUIDE TO WILD FOOD

By Christopher Nyerges

Beating the high cost of food is easy if you know what you are doing. Southern California abounds with free wild food in backyards, vacant lots and wilderness areas. But all of these plants need to be positively identified before one can safely eat them. Properly prepared, these food are tasty, nutritious, free and visually attractive.

This newly published manual describes the most common plants of Southern California in detail and tells how to include them into your diet. For instance, why pay the high price of lettuce when you can gather chickweed, watercress, mallow, mustard and dock leaves for your unique salad. Southern Californians can rebel against the un-nutritious over-sugared sweets in the stores and pick carob pods right off their city streets! Nyerges tells you how in this book, which is illustrated by the botanical artist Janice Fryling. Each plant has a detailed guide to insure accurate identification and each plant is clearly illustrated. The glossary is even illustrated to help with the unfamiliar botanical terms.

A Southern Californian's Guide to Wild Food is not just for the camper and backpacker—it is designed for every city

dweller as well. Many of the weeds described can be found right in your own yard. Have you ever eaten a rose? How about prickly pear cactus or dandelion? How many desert and beach explorers know that the Glasswort plant, although at its best eaten raw, can be cooked and steamed, seasoned and served as a hot vegetable?

In addition to a concise summary of each plant's uses, the book also lists the known detrimental qualities of each plant and several poisonous ones are included to give the wild food forager some awareness of what NOT to eat.

Author Nyerges considers this book an important survival tool. It is designed for the non-botanist who needs the simplest, most efficient and most capsulized way to learn the plants of survival.

Paperback, 180 pages, \$4.95.



HIGH MOUNTAINS
AND DEEP VALLEYS
The Gold Bonanza Days
By Lew and Ginny Clark

Described by the publisher and the authors as the first book of its kind about the huge mountain and desert country east of the High Sierras, this volume fills a real need, with accurate maps and authentic history about the California and

Nevada high country famed for its mining and recreation.

That's quite an order in 192 pages but they make it. Lew Clark, a native of the California mining region, knew many of the people he is writing about. He and his wife have collaborated on several regional guides.

This book is filled with anecdotes about the colorful mining, ranching and town characters of this huge region, from Bodie, Virginia City, Ballarat, Greenwater, Mono Mills, Tonopah and Goldfield, to mention just a few of the old towns and districts discussed.

The area described is bounded on the west by the Sierras, on the north by the Comstock Lode country, on the east by Death Valley and the Amargosa Desert, on the south by the Mojave Desert.

The Clarks draw on personal travel, by car and on foot, providing color maps of each designated area. There are many black and white photos along with outstanding color plates by Rocky Rockwell of the Inyo National Forest at Bishop.

Sketches of old Randsburg, other mining regions and the Sierras are by Francilu Hansen of Ridgecrest.

The book is divided into logical regions, with maps and history for each. Some of these include the El Paso and Rand Mountains, the Barstow area, Panamint and Death Valleys, Owens Valley, the White Mountains-Bristlecone Forest, the Bishop country, Esmeralda Mines, High Sierra, Mono Basin, Big Meadows and Bodie, and the Comstock.

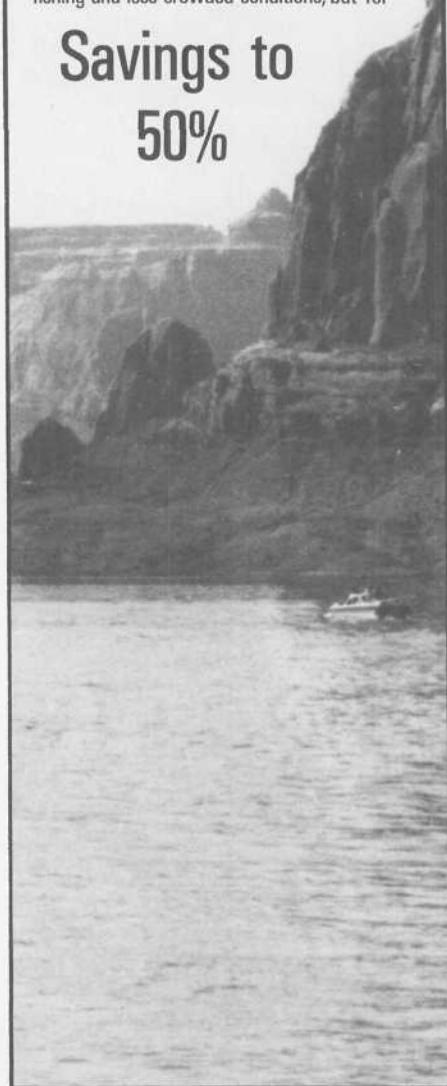
Clark's maps alone make the book a necessity for high desert-Sierra visitors, including a large four-color model and 36 smaller regional maps. A bonanza of a guide and history book about a fascinating region! Perfect bound in paperback, 192 pages, 250 photos, \$6.95.

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Above: Frances Black [Mayor of Darwin for the past 12 years], taught school in Darwin—as well as in Death Valley Junction and Lone Pine. Below: This school house is one of the few original buildings still standing after two huge fires destroyed the balance of the structures.

Darwin, California.... and The People who Built It

by ANNIS M. CUPPETT

photos by Dennis Millard



DARWIN IS a lengthening afternoon shadow of its former self. Echoes of earlier, more glorious times whisper like early evening breezes through the cracks of buildings long deserted and tiptoe along the streets where in 1877, more than 4500 souls moved through their individual existences. A hundred years later, the hot desert sun dapples the exteriors of mobile homes instead of tents and sets bright glints of light bouncing off four-wheel-drive vehicles in place of wagon braces. But the spirit of Darwin is unchanged. Today's citizens — miners, indomitable desert lovers and weekend residents — remain as fiercely independent and strong-of-will as those early pioneers who harkened to the fateful call of silver.

Located in the mineral-rich environs of the Owens Valley, Darwin was born in 1874 when Darwin French, a rancher near Fort Tejon, led an expedition into the area in search of the Lost Gunsight Lode. He never found that legendary silver deposit, but his efforts to do so resulted in the settlement of the town which bears his name, and it wasn't long before this bustling mining camp grew

The monument erected to the memory of Nancy Williams is a testament to her popularity in the mining camp.

into the hub of one of the richest silver mining districts in the West. For many years, it served as an important mining camp in its own right, as well as a supply station for the hundreds of silver, lead and zinc mines that would appear in the next hundred years between the Coso and Argus mountain ranges.

Three years after Darwin French first visited the site, the town's population stood at 4500 which was the same as in Los Angeles of the same year. (Of course, it must be remembered that during those early days, Mexicans living in the coastal city to the southwest were not allowed to vote and the actual population would have been much greater than recorded.) Two of Darwin's richest veins — the Defiance and the Independence — spewed out a reported \$1,580,000 in precious metal and more than \$2,000,000 was removed from assorted other silver claims in the district. During the 1880s, almost 60 mines were operating in the immediate vicinity of the booming town and five smelters worked around the clock to handle the onslaught. As word of the riches to be earned in the vicinity spread like a flash-fire through the miner's grapevine, more and more people began rushing toward Darwin. The camp's first boom years were in full swing.

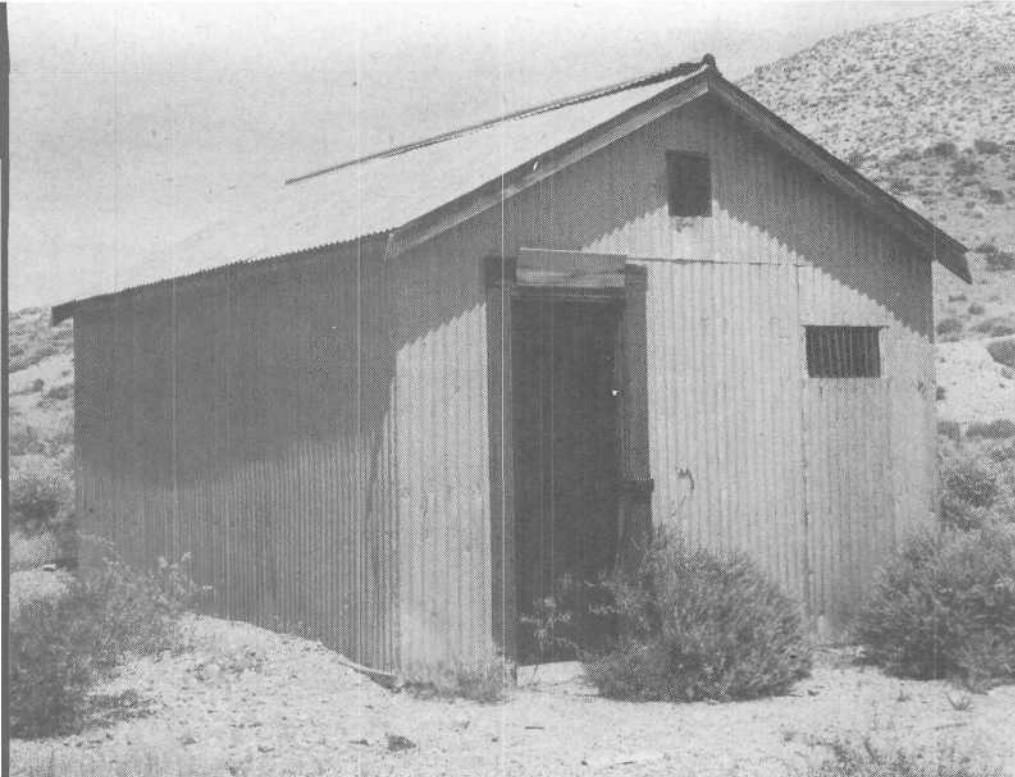
Today, as you drive south toward Darwin on the dirt road cut-off from U.S. Highway 190 which connects Lone Pine with the western entrance to Death Valley, you'll pass a large mining operation on your left. This is the Anaconda Mine — originally known as the Defiance — and although it's closed now to visitors, you'll want to stop along the road and visualize it as it might have been during a more exciting time. Squint your eyes against the sun and you might even see Pat Ready, a one-time District Attorney in the area, peering here and there into the workings of his operation. And make no mistake, it was his domain. Although the Spanish were the first to begin mining operations on the spot, Mexicans took over in 1840 and Pat Ready was directly responsible for removing this second group from the very profitable claim. After taking pos-



session of the property, he literally defied the Mexicans to return and when they didn't, the mine naturally became known as the Defiance. Although the Defiance closed in the late 1880s, the mine proper continued to weave itself into the history of Darwin and became known, in turn, as Darwin Silver, Darwin Lead, Consolidated, American Metals, Signal Oil and finally, in 1945, Anaconda.

The most exciting years in Darwin's history incorporate the decade between the mid-1870s and the mid-1880s. In other parts of the country, men and women were concerning themselves with the resignation of Boss Tweed as New York's commissioner of public works; the plague of grasshoppers which was devouring everything in sight between the Dakotas and the tip of Texas; and

strikes by railroad workers which would ultimately signal the birth of the labor movement in the United States. But Darwin's citizens cared only for silver — the bright, shiny metal that could, if Lady Luck was with him, make any man rich beyond measure. During these years, the town was populated by characters such as Pat Ready, who in addition to taking over the Defiance, showed another side to his personality by starting the first school in the area for the children of the miners. Living just outside of town were Chinese laborers who, while ostracized from the town's social and political life, helped move the underground riches into the light of day — and into the pockets of other men. And, of course, there were Indians. In this case, Shoshone. Their settlement was located just north of town.



The jailhouse has three rooms—and no windows except those seen here. In the summer, its interior is as hot as an oven—punishment enough for any misdeed.

As usual, wherever miners congregated, fancy ladies would also be found. A true original of this particular caste was Nancy Williams, a Madam reputed to have come to Darwin by way of Cerro Gordo. In her new surroundings, she went into semi-retirement and began filling her days with the proverbial good deeds. Although she spent most of her time ministering to the miners, she was willing to help any of the townspeople who would condescend to have any sort of polite relationship with her. In the end, unfortunately, good deeds proved not to be enough. In 1877, Nancy's throat was slit by an unknown assailant and she died at the age of 45. After a grand send-off by her many friends, in the mining community, Nancy was buried in the cemetery west of town and the site was marked by a large monument which can still be seen today. The footstone was stolen time and time again by souvenir hunters, but was always quickly returned—as it was in the 1920s when it was taken and then returned several days later via express mail. The shipment included a note that read, "Get this tombstone back on Nancy's grave. We've had nothing but trouble since we took it." It seems the thieves had driven from the scene of the crime in an automobile, only to be slowed by a blown radiator, flat tires and myriad other problems—indications, they were sure, of Nancy's ire.

Darwin never was a particularly so-

phisticated city, but rather a raw mining camp that served as a safe haven for those who followed less than lawful pursuits. The celebrated bandit, Joaquin Murieta, is known to have visited the vicinity but it is his partner, Three-Fingered Jack, about whom the following story is told. For some long-forgotten reason, Jack decided to shoot—and kill—a man in one of the many saloons which served thirst-quenching refreshment to the hard-working miners. Turning his back on the scene, Jack casually walked outside and down the street to another drinking establishment. Naturally, the dastardly deed demanded revenge and it wasn't too long before the dead man's brother had followed the outlaw to the second watering-hole. A single bullet quickly dispatched one of Darwin's more disreputable visitors.

In spite of this story, Darwin was never known for hosting a large number of gun-fights. Other subjects—such as water—topped the list of engrossing conversational topics, for although Darwin is located at an altitude of 4750 feet, it is surrounded by a dry desert landscape. In 1875, the first water pipes were laid from the nearest spring suitable for the purpose: the area is about eight miles southwest of Darwin in the Coso Range and since 1944, has been known as the China Lake Naval Weapons Center. The first water line consisted of four-inch riveted pipe which was first neatly buried, but the line needed con-

tinuous repairs when cloudbursts would wash away the dirt and expose the pipe. Somewhere along the way, it was decided to set the pipe above ground and the only problem with this solution is that it tends to freeze in winter. Today, water line maintenance crews must first obtain permission from the U.S. Navy to enter what is essentially a bombing range.

Frank Carthery, who led the original decision to lay the water pipes, saw a real future in this natural resource. In 1888, he became caretaker of the water supply and kept the main valve padlocked near the horse trough. He charged 50 cents to water a team or 25 cents for a single horse and later, for \$3.00 per month, the townspeople could have their water barrels filled at their own back doors. Carthery continued as caretaker until after 1915 and in addition to his shrewdness as a water mogul, Carthery was also known as the caretaker of the Defiance Mine during the 1880s. Nobody seems to be certain whether he died a wealthy man or not—but everyone agrees that he tried.

When the Defiance closed in the late 1880s, the miners left for new vistas but Darwin, itself, refused to die. Oh, it may have faltered now and then, but the mine continued on under new management and as it did, the town, too, limped along—always to rise up out of its lethargy with renewed vigor whenever a new strike was proclaimed.

The year of 1916 is memorable as the year of the second great fire. The first is cloaked in mystery but the second is attributed to faulty gas pipes. Untouched by the volunteer fire department's bucket brigade, the fire ravished that half of the town which had been left standing after the first holocaust—and explains why so few of the original buildings are still intact. Most of the homeless left Darwin while those remaining stayed with friends or found shelter in tents or in the dugouts at the west end of town. The buildings were not rebuilt until around 1932 and of the original struc-

tures, only three are still standing.

The dugouts mentioned above were used by the early miners, although some recent residents remember a family living in one of them as late as the mid-1950s. Jim Burns, "Copper Stain" Bill Finnimore, and Bill "Burro" Jones are but three of the hardy breed who found the accommodations under the hills to their liking. "Copper Stain" Bill went so far as to outfit his dual-entrance dugout with running water, and decorated the two rooms with carpets and other niceties.

The Defiance Mine changed hands soon after Black Friday. It was purchased by Signal Oil (at an understandably reduced price) after the owner of American Metals plummeted from a 17th floor window in New York City. Signal Oil kept the enterprise going until it was sold to Anaconda. Their operation peaked in 1956.

About 1962, a water war broke out among the townspeople to the point where the town was literally split in two. It all began when some of the residents decided to build a swimming pool below the Anaconda Mine and the plan called for the willows and brush near a natural spring to be cleared, after which a dam would be built. The argument became so heated that the town was soon divided along the north-south lines and on the south side, signs began to appear which read, "The South shall rise again!" Battle stations were drawn and it was only after shots had actually been fired that the Darwin Dam dream was put to rest. Soon after, the town settled down to its accustomed state of somnolence.

But the reprieve gained for lazy men was not to last. A second big boom occurred in 1967, when a sign on a public bulletin board in Lone Pine announced the availability of free lots in Darwin. Again, the run was on — this time, for land instead of silver — and Superior Judge John McMurray was so intrigued that he decided to look into the matter. He discovered that during the early days of Darwin, the court had assigned plots of ground to miners on which they were to be allowed to build any sort of housing they might desire. The fee of a few dollars was to be applied to the cost of plotting the townsite. Only a minimum number of lots had been improved through the years, but Judge McMurray learned that the precedent — a charge of

\$5.00 per lot — was a simple matter of record. With the land rush in full swing, he decided to allow the price to stand but he managed to slap on a quota which limited the purchase to a total of three lots per buyer. During the late summer of 1967, the rush ended as suddenly as it had begun. On the final day, over 250 lots were sold at the long-before stated price of \$5.00 each. Some of these were purchased for speculation while others were purchased as prospective home sites for permanent or weekend residents. The fact remains that whatever the reason for their purchase, most of the lots still stand empty.

Finally, in the late 1970s, Darwin is quiet again. The most movement you'll see is if you happen to visit the town when university geologists are present. Their blue and yellow tents dot the hillside behind the wash and they lay out their study materials on rickety tables lined up in the old Crossin building on Main Street. Their interest lies in the ore hiding in the limestone of the Darwin District and they are generally more than willing to describe their findings to anyone with interest.

The road out of town to the east will bring you relatively close to Darwin Falls. The BLM has blocked the road about one-half mile from the Falls but you can park your vehicle and hike in, if you've a mind to. It's a postcard-perfect sight, but take care to carry water with you, even on a mild day.

Rockhounds, of course, can find all sorts of treasures around Darwin but it should be remembered that most of the mines are on private property. Unless posted, "good pickin's" can be found around the smaller — but legally-accessible — mines.

It's a good idea to fill up on gas in Lone Pine (approximately 40 miles to the west) although if John Moody is home, you might be able to obtain gasoline in Darwin. Lodging and food is easily found in Lone Pine and plenty of camping sites are available in and around Darwin.

The old mining camp of Darwin is a fine place to visit if for no other reason than to gain a sense of what it might have been like to have lived there so many years ago. And if you allow your heart to listen, you might hear the voices of Pat Ready, Nancy Williams, "Copper Stain" Bill, or Frank Carthery whistling on the wind. □

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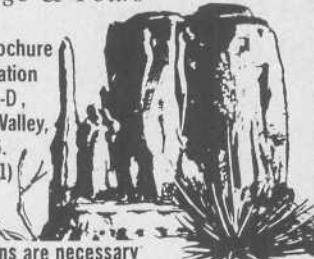


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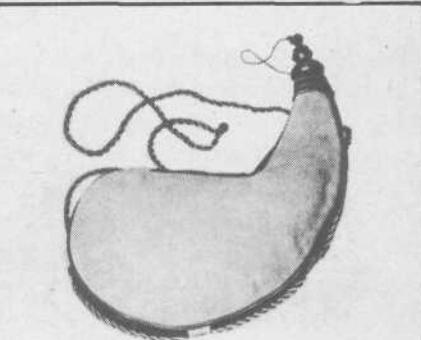
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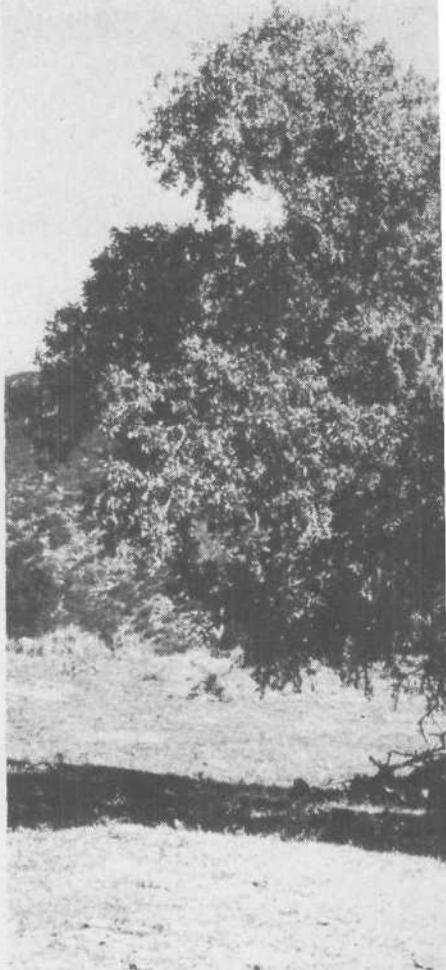
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WESTERN HACKBERRY: A Little-known Tree of The High Desert

by WAYNE P. ARMSTRONG



OF ALL THE native trees of the southwest, the western hackberry [*Celtis reticulata*] certainly has one of the most interesting distributions. In fact, if it weren't for its fascinating geographical range I probably wouldn't have written this article! It doesn't really have any showy flowers or fruits, and because of its densely branched growth form it of-

ten looks more like a large bush than a tree. Although it is deciduous, it really doesn't produce any spectacular fall display like the cottonwoods, maples and aspen. In some areas it seems to be a favorite target for certain gall-forming insects that lay their eggs in the leaves and stems. Swellings and deformities of the leaves and stems serve as incuba-

tors and food for the insect larvae.

Donald Culross Peattie, in *Natural History of Western Trees* (1953), described the western hackberry in the following uncomplimentary statements: "The general shape is what women call shapeless; the bark is undistinctive; the foliage vaguely reminds one of many other trees; the flowers are so insignificant as to be beneath the notice of anyone above the rank of botanist and the little berries are as quietly misleading as a cheerful liar, for they suggest some choke cherry rather than a member of the Elm family with its dry, papery, wafer-like fruits." To me its unattractive qualities are far exceeded by its unique and extremely interesting features. In fact, you just can't help falling in love with these old trees which are really



Leafless western hackberry trees in winter on a ridge overlooking the San Diego River canyon, west of Julian. Note the numerous swellings or galls on the branches. This is a new and recently discovered location for this rare tree in Southern California.



A large, spreading western hackberry growing in Thing Valley, San Diego County. This very rare tree had a much more extensive distribution in southern California, but today is only found in a few isolated valleys and canyons.

zia], and saltbush [Atriplex]. Like many other California natives, such as cypress, fan palms, madrone and bay laurel, the rare hackberry once had a much more extensive distribution during less arid times, about 20 million years ago. Today only isolated relic populations remain, surrounded by more drought resistant vegetation.

Some of the known localities in California are Hackberry Canyon (a tributary of Caliente Creek), in a canyon about three miles above Caliente, and Democrat Hot Springs on the Kern River, all in Kern County; Eureka Valley (north of Death Valley) and Independence, Inyo County; near Banning, Riverside County; in the Clark and New York Mountains of eastern San Bernardino County; and an isolated location in Thing Valley on the desert slopes of the Laguna Mountains, San Diego County.

I could find only one large multiple



An isolated
clump of bushy
western
hackberry trees
on a steep
canyon slope
north of
Banning. The
large tree on
right is a
California
sycamore.

quite beautiful in their own special way.

Western hackberry actually has an enormous and extremely scattered distribution throughout practically all of the western states, from Washington, Utah, and Idaho, extending southward through Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. It also occurs in Baja California and Sonora, Mexico. There are even western hackberries deep in the Grand Canyon on the Havasupai Indian Reservation and along the Bright Angel Trail.

In California it only occurs in five counties, generally in gravelly washes and canyons bordering the deserts of Southern California. The roots apparently seek out moisture and can be very invasive and troublesome if planted near septic tanks and leach line systems. It may be associated with several types of vegetation or plant communities, including creosote bush scrub, Joshua tree woodland, pinyon-juniper woodland, streamside or riparian woodland, and scattered oak woodland. In Owens Valley, Inyo County, it grows amidst a low desert scrub vegetation dominated by sagebrush [Artemisia], rabbitbrush [Chrysothamnus], matchweed [Gutierrez-

trunk individual and a single root sprout in Thing Valley. A local rancher, Mike Harris, said he has never seen any other hackberries in the area. The leaves were noticeably infested with little fuzzy galls that contained an aphid-like insect. Perhaps there were additional hackberries in Thing Valley. They may have died out as the climate became increasingly more arid, or possibly they were eliminated by fire or overgrazing. The valley appeared to be badly overgrazed when I visited it in fall of 1977. Another possibility is the tree may have been planted by local Indians. The distribution of western hack-

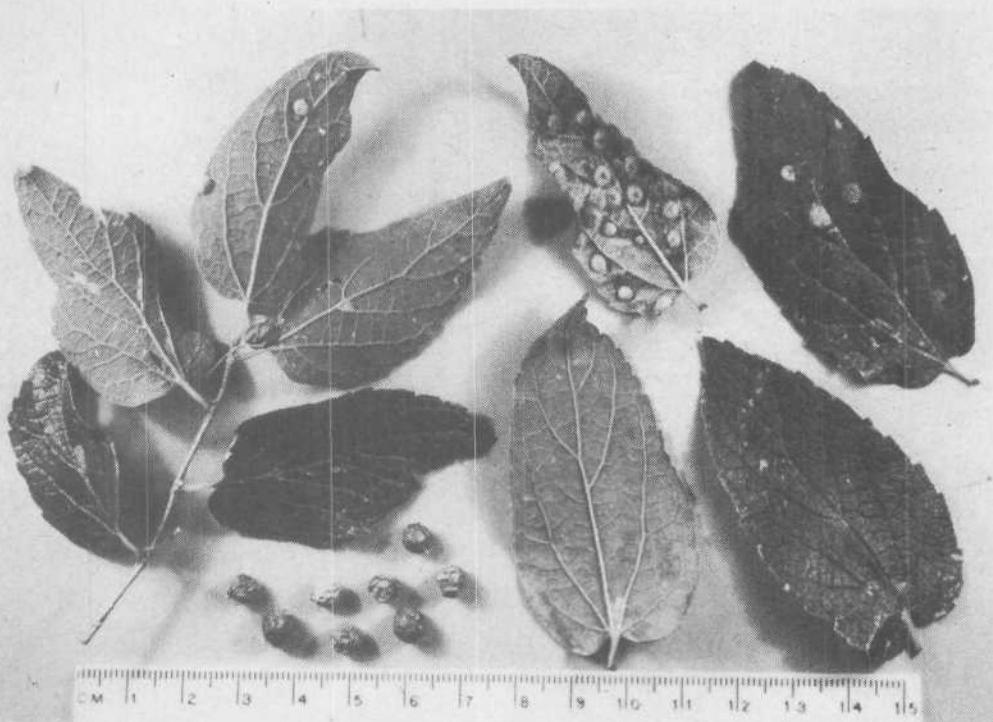
River canyon. The trees grow on a rugged outcrop of Julian schist at about 3,800 feet elevation, and are surrounded by large, spreading California black oaks, Engelman oaks and coast live oaks. Julian schist is historically important because it contains most of the gold quartz veins of the old Julian Mining District. The lichen-covered branches are conspicuously deformed with numerous swellings or galls, presumably caused by a gall mite. This apparently is a rather universal characteristic of western hackberry, especially evident during winter when the trees are bare. I took core

possible that other small isolated groves may be found in the vast oak woodland valleys and canyons of interior San Diego County, much of which is privately owned range land.

The Independence location in Owens Valley (Inyo County) is within 100 yards of the Eastern California Museum, about three blocks west of town. The spectacular museum (and hackberry) make a rewarding side trip if you happen to be in the area. The hackberries are scattered along a dry wash and are especially interesting because they are associated with desert olive [*Forestiera neomexicana*], another unusual shrub with a large but very scattered distribution. Desert olive is one of the few native members of the Olive family, along with Arizona ash and a spiny little desert shrub called twinfruit [*Menodora spinescens*]. In the fall, the leaves of desert olive turn a brilliant gold which rivals the spectacular color display of the local willows, cottonwoods and water birch.

Another interesting and very isolated location is in a canyon north of Banning, about one-fourth mile above the old Gilman Ranch House. The abandoned Gilman Ranch House was built in 1879 by James M. Gilman. Unfortunately it was destroyed by fire in March of 1977. According to a Riverside County Historical Marker, this was also the site of a stage station, store, post office, and ranch headquarters. An adobe structure built on the site in 1854 was apparently the first house in the Banning area. The Gilmans had eight children, all born at the ranch. One of their children, M. French Gilman, became a noted botanist and several plants are named after him, including the extremely rare and seldom seen Death Valley wildflower, *Gilmania* or golden carpet. Because of its significance in the early history of southern California, the Gilman Ranch property is scheduled to become a Riverside County Historical Park, including the restoration of original structures and places of interest. Perhaps a little trail to the rare hackberry grove would be a worthwhile and scenic side trip.

The small grove of hackberries grow on a steep, shady, north-facing slope just above the stream. The canyon has running water all year and contains a dense and vigorous growth of riparian vegetation. Some of the colorful trees are California sycamore, Fremont cottonwood,



The elm-like leaves of western hackberry have a prominent network of veins on the paler underside. They are commonly infested with fuzzy little galls containing an aphid-like insect. The small, brownish, cherry-like fruits are quite unlike the dry, papery fruits of elm.

berry in California presents some fascinating speculation on its origin and ecological requirements. By the way, the unusual name of Thing Valley is apparently derived from a previous owner with the surname of Thing!

Recently an interesting grove of unusual trees was brought to my attention by Robert Crippin, longtime naturalist at Yosemite National Park. The small grove is located approximately three miles west of Julian on the Hosking's Ranch. At least 30 gnarled and straggly western hackberries occur along the crest of a ridge just south of Coleman Creek, and east of the deep San Diego

samples from several trunks and found them to be well over 100 years old, dating back at least to the Civil War period.

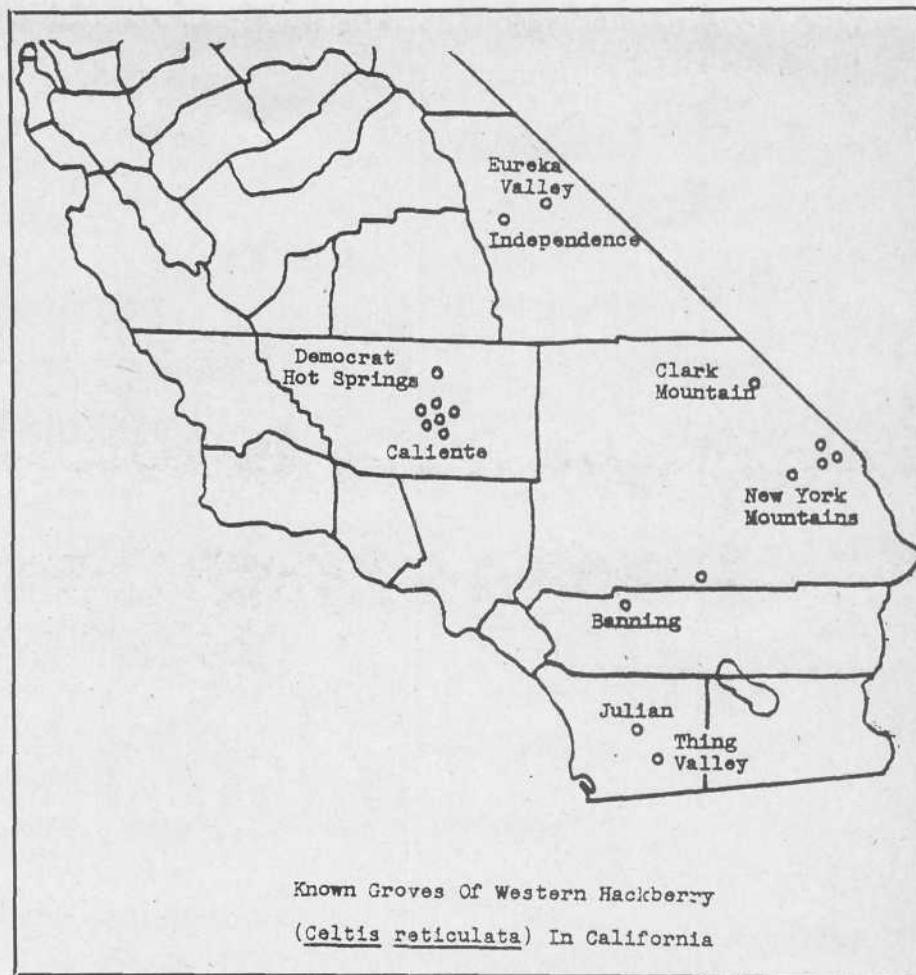
For many years the only known location for western hackberry in San Diego County was Thing Valley. This additional site west of Julian appears to be natural; however, their origin is still a mystery. They could have been planted by native Indians hundreds of years ago, but more probably are relics of former widespread occurrence in this region during less arid times. Considering their age and rather inaccessible location on a rugged rocky outcrop, it is doubtful that they were planted by humans. It is quite

big-leaf maple, several kinds of willow, and my favorite shrub to hike through — poison oak! The huge sycamores are nesting sites for magnificent, soaring Red-Tailed Hawks. One rather uncommon shrub growing near the hackberries is California barberry [*Berberis dictyota*]. Several species of barberry or mahonia are commonly cultivated and a related species, called Oregon grape, is the state flower of Oregon.

The generic name *Celtis* (SEL-tis) is apparently a classical Greek name for a tree with a sweet fruit. The specific epithet (species name) *reticulata* (reh-tick-you-LAY-tah) refers to the prominent network of veins on the leaves (reticulate). According to Peattie (1953), the common name hackberry is presumably a corruption of the Scottish hagberry or witchberry. Apparently some early colonists thought it reminded them of the unrelated European tree, and the name still stands to this day. According to Webster's *New World Dictionary*, the name is Scandinavian in origin.

Several street names and place names, such as Hackberry Mountain in the Mojave Desert and Hackberry, Arizona near Kingman, are apparently derived from this tree. The little town of Hackberry originated with a mine called Hackberry Mine near a spring called Hackberry Spring. A beautiful hackberry tree beside the spring provided shelter and cool shade for the four men who discovered the mine in the 1870s.

Western hackberry is rather unique because it is the only native member of the Elm family in California. In fact, the leaves are strikingly similar in appearance to those of the famous American elm, except that they have the roughness of fine sandpaper. Botanists have a special word called "scabrous" to describe this rough surface. The miniature, brown, cherry-like fruits of hackberry are completely unlike the dry, papery fruits of the elm. For this reason it has often been a perplexing tree for the nature lover who frequently asks "what kind of tree is that?" Other rather descriptive common names for this tree are sugarberry, nettletree, and false-elm. There are several additional species of hackberry native to the midwestern and eastern United States. About the only additional kinds that you might expect to find in the Pacific states is the European hackberry [*Celtis australis*], or perhaps one of the



eastern hackberries, which are occasionally planted in parks and gardens.

Several tribes of southwestern Indians ate the sweet fruits of western hackberry, including the Papagos, Apaches and Navajos. The little fruits also provided important food for a number of birds and some rodents. In fact, birds probably aid in seed dispersal as the hard stony pit containing a seed readily passes through the bird's digestive tract. The small, round fruits may also be washed along by intermittent streams during periods of heavy rainfall. So far I have been unable to get any of the hard seeds to germinate. Removing the outer skin of the fruit apparently hastens germination but it still may take several months in moist soil. Navajo Indians made tubes for bellows from the wood and they boiled the leaves and branches to make a dark brown or red dye for wool. Papago Indians made sandals from the bark, which peels off in convenient smooth slabs. The bark on some old trees actually resembles the cork oak to some extent.

The wood of western hackberry is medium-heavy, about the same dry weight as South American mahogany

[*Swietenia*]. The tree is also called "palo blanco," referring to the very light sapwood. Because of its close resemblance to elm, hackberry lumber in some states has been used for boxes, crates, barrels and cheap furniture. Where it grows in abundance it is commonly cut by ranchers for fence posts; however, one reference states that the wood rots rather rapidly in the ground. According to Peattie (1953), it is also used for door sills and the treads of steps, which supposedly will not squeak. Hackberry trees are deep-rooted and are occasionally planted as street or lawn trees in hot, windy, desert regions with alkaline soils. They have the virtue of providing shade adjacent to buildings and pavement without buckling sidewalk or curbing.

In addition to its ecological importance to wildlife and its many uses by native people, the hackberry tree has undoubtedly been a welcome shady place for many an Indian or prospector on a hot summer afternoon. So the next time you see a small tree that looks out of place on the high desert slopes, and has leaves like an elm but fruits like tiny brown cherries; it will probably be the famous (or infamous) western hackberry. □

285-Mile Mojave Loop Trip Offers History and Scenery

by BILL JENNINGS

IOU WON'T FIND this weekend circle tour on any special travel map or among the numbered routes in a standard vacation guide but it is easy to trace, with ample fuel and food stops, mainly on paved highways and no four-wheel-drive effort unless you want it. Let's call it the Mojave Loop.

The starting and ending point is Barstow, a mid-Mojave Desert mecca with all the amenities only 130 freeway miles from Los Angeles.

The first stop should be the U.S. Bureau of Land Management's new Barstow Way Station, just off Interstate 15 a half-mile west of the junction with Interstate 40. While you're there admiring the informative exhibits and the handsome building, pick up BLM's handy High Desert Recreation Resources Guide, a combination road map and numbered list of scenic and historic attractions, all plainly marked on the map.

A word of caution, however, don't rely solely on the BLM guide as your tour map. It is accurate as far as it goes, but leaves out the names or numbers of many of the side roads you will travel and also omits key mileage here and there. If you are a member of the Automobile Club of Southern California or

know someone who is, avail yourself of the club's San Bernardino County map. It is the best available of this vast and colorful region.

(Another word.) Fuel up at Barstow and top your tank at key points along the route, because gas stations are abandoned, closed often or don't have either no-lead gas or diesel fuel around much of this high desert circuit. (Diesel is getting to be critical to some of us, including the writer, and is found only at Barstow and Baker on the entire loop.)

We'll start out in the northeasterly direction, toward Las Vegas, via I-15, but with mention of two alternate, scenic side trips out of Barstow. The first is via paved and well-graded roads northward, out some eight miles on the Ft. Irwin highway and then west three miles to the Rainbow Basin-Owl Canyon BLM recreational area, with a campground. First come, first getting the 31 sites available, so start out there early.

The second, some 35 miles to the northwest, is Inscription Canyon, some say the home of the finest remaining set of petroglyphs in the western Mojave Desert. It is reached by State Highway 58 to the Hinkley turnoff, north on Hinkley Road to the Opal Mountain-Black

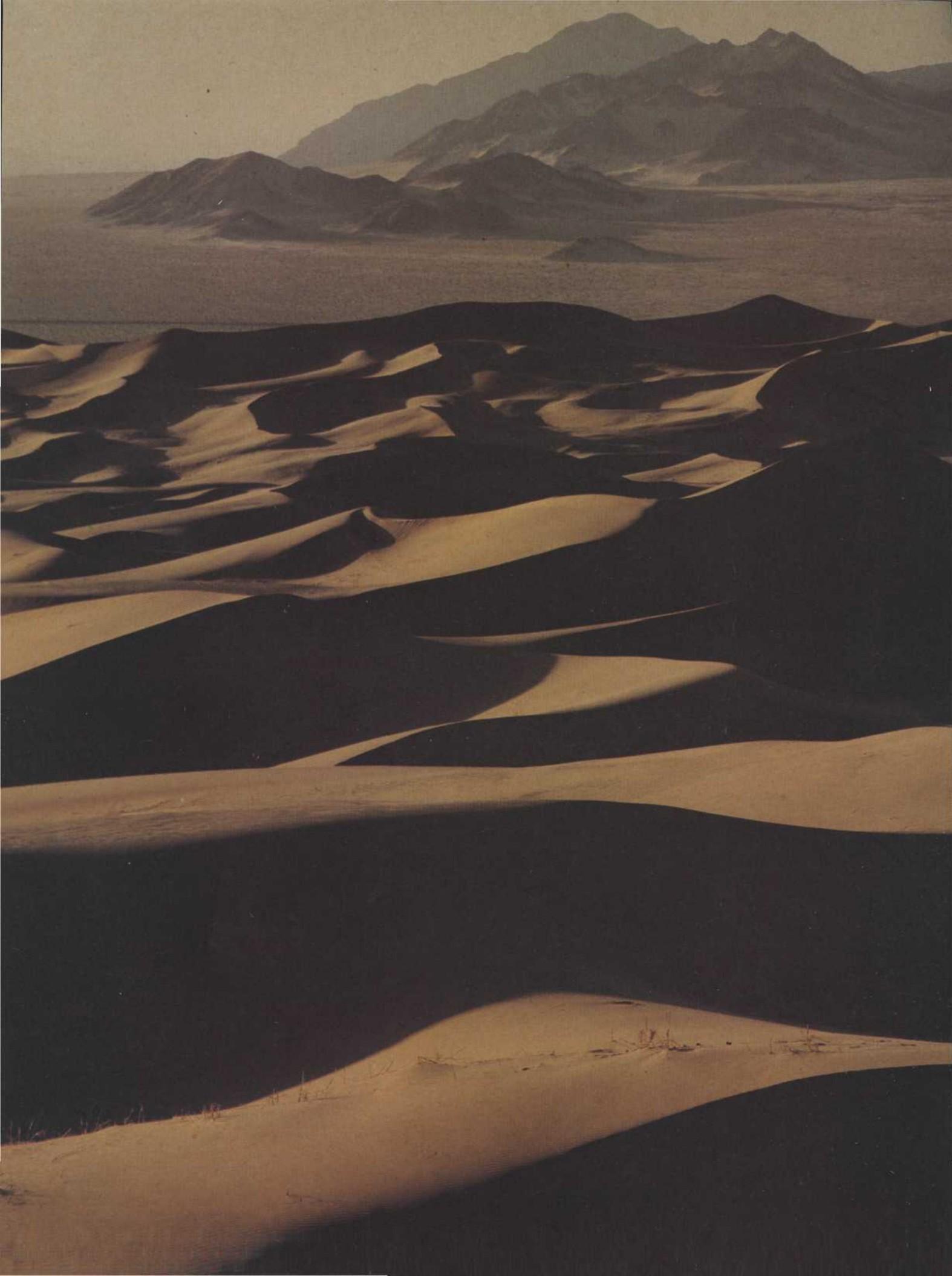
Mountain road. This is also a major rock-hound area and it is advisable to check road conditions at the BLM Way Station.

The trip out to Inscription Canyon is at least a half-day affair and should not be attempted by the casual or unprepared motorist. The rock-carved pictures, whether they are messages or merely ancient graffiti, have been vandalized in recent years but remain one of the best groups of their type in existence.

Back on the loop. The first stop should be Calico Ghost Town, a restored but authentic mining camp only a dozen miles northeast of Barstow. There is a good county campground, curio stores and guides and a bonus, the area's only working archeological "dig," conducted by the San Bernardino County Museum,

One of the scenic attractions of the central Mojave Desert is the Kelso Dunes. The tremendous masses of sand offer photographers an ever-changing challenge.

Photo by David Muench of Santa Barbara, California.





Remnants of the Rock Spring Mine millsite, not a part of the Government Road legend, having been installed in the 1880s and 1890s.

has been up to normal and many of the side roads have been imperiled by storms. This also is good wildflower country in a wet spring, like the one we're getting this year.

Baker offers another historical observation point, the crossing of the long-gone (since 1941) Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad, the borax route from Death Valley to the Union Pacific mainline at Crucero and the Santa Fe terminus at Ludlow, both far to the south over dubious dirt roads. The T & T meandered north to Death Valley Junction and Beatty, Nevada, and once boasted Pullman service. Baker was established to serve the railroad with an eating stop by "Dad" Fairbanks and remains a major oasis for Las Vegas and Salt Lake travelers, as well as the turnoff for State Highway 127, the main entry to Death Valley from the south. That's another weekend, or longer, trip.

Here you can choose between two routes on our current Mojave Loop, heading south over the paved Kelbaker Road 36 miles to Kelso, or east some 25 miles to Valley Wells and then south over the paved Cima Road to the little crossroads town of Cima.

Both these routes are scenic and serviceable and offer good looks at the center of the proposed Eastern Mojave National Park, a two- to three-million acre wilderness of rare beauty already under the mantle of BLM's Desert Plan. Side road travel is restricted in this vast region, so stick to the marked routes or make local inquiry before venturing on to the alluring sandy tracks that lead everywhere.

Cima is a town without portfolio, consisting mainly of the one-room Cima Store, a gas pump and postoffice as auxiliary services and a Union Pacific maintenance compound. You can buy emergency gas, bare-staple food supplies and get a lot of free information about this fascinating cattle and mining country from the store operator. Don't count on Cima for a major gas supply, however.

Cima is on top, at the east end, of the infamous Kelso-Cima Hill on the Union Pacific, a steady climb of 19 miles and

to the east of the old canyon town. There is a loop road around Calico Dry Lake, the first of several to be seen on this trip, and a return to I-15 near the old railroad and mining town of Yermo.

Returning to the freeway at the Minneola Road ramp we continue east to the Afton exit — or we can drop south across the freeway and head east on the old road, formerly U.S. Highway 91, the original Salt Lake route, still in good shape as far out as the Field exit, 15 miles.

If you're up to another Jeep-type side trip, turn north at the Manix ramp and cross the freeway to the Alvord Mine road. There are a few remnants of a once-active mining district but little else except superb desert mountain scenery and a grand view to the south across the Camp Cady-Newberry farming and recreation area to the Newberry and Rodman mountains.

At the Afton offramp a four-mile washboard road leads you to Afton Canyon, one of the most beautiful gorges on the desert, an area where the elusive Mojave River rises to the surface and rockhounds, offroaders and birdwatchers meet in uneasy alliance. There is an excellent but small BLM campground at the upstream end of the canyon but you shouldn't be ready for an overnight stop just yet.

The campground often fills early on a spring weekend anyway. Heed the signs because the Union Pacific Railroad and BLM have restricted travel in this area to established roads. The railroad's service lane along the tracks is an inviting two-wheel-drive route to the east but dan-

gerous, as well as frequently posted against use.

Back on the freeway, the next side-trip is via the whimsically named Zzyzx Springs or "Fort Soda" road to Soda Lake, the terminus of the Mojave River, which rises normally on the north slope of the San Bernardino Mountains and flows fitfully, usually underground, out to the vast sink. The river was the original travel route, from the time of the mountain men through to modern time because it provided the only sure water for both the Arizona and Nevada-Utah traveler and later the original San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railway, precursor of today's Union Pacific.

Zzyzx Springs today is the setting for a desert biological research center operated by a consortium of California state colleges and universities under long-term agreement with BLM but formerly was a religious retreat on the site of a military way station on the Government Road. This historic wagon route from Arizona Territory to the Los Angeles area has existed — and is still in partial use here and there — from before the Civil War.

You won't be able to tour the Soda Lake area due to the poor quality of the roads and the uncertain state of the lake's salt-encrusted clay floor, which renders normal travel impossible most of the time.

Returning to the freeway, it is only a six-mile run to Baker, the only other full-service resting point on our trip. Fuel and feed up here, making local inquiry about the routes ahead if the weather

Old photo shows steepness of the Piute Creek section of the Government Road. Scene is on the ridge above Piute Spring.

2,000 feet, that in steam-engine days was the backbreaker on the old Salt Lake Line. The big helper mikado and 2-10-2 freight engines turned her for the long coasting ride back to Kelso where a major terminal, complete with a hotel, restaurant and other rail services thrived for a half-century until the diesel era began after World War II.

The UP hotel and cafe at Kelso is no longer open to the public and even the inviting cottonwood-shaded green lawns are posted against trespass. But Kelso is another side trip, anyway. Our route turns off the paved Kelso-Cima road about four miles west of Cima and we head up the Cedar Canyon Road, a working segment of the old Government Road, to the east and a choice of either the Mid-Hills or Hole-in-the-Wall BLM campgrounds or the Mitchell Caverns State Recreation Area, all sites in the scenic New York and Providence mountains to the southeast.

It's an easy 10 miles from Cima out to Mid-Hills where BLM has established a scenic, well-watered campground in the pinyon-juniper highlands at 5,600 feet. Wood gathering is prohibited, so if you plan to camp here, or at Hole-in-the-Wall 10 miles down Wild Horse Canyon, bring your own wood.

This is roughly the halfway point on our 285-mile loop and a logical camping site. Hole-in-the-Wall, also reached by well-signed county roads, offers unusual geologic formations, water and wind carved volcanic rock, in the midst of a still-active cattle country, so watch out for wandering bovines, especially at night. They have the right-of-way!

Mitchell Caverns, a major unit of the state park system, is now known officially as the Providence Mountains State Recreation Area, the center of a huge high desert panorama overlooking the Clipper and Fenner valleys to the south and east, across to the Old Woman Mountains where a huge meteorite was found recently.

The caverns, a maze of eroded and water-formed limestone pockets were opened to the public more than 40 years ago by the late Jack Mitchell and are



now augmented with a small camp-ground, an interpretive display and some of the friendliest rangers you'll find anywhere. A paved road reaches from Mitchell back down to old Highway 66 — the National Trails route — at the little town of Essex.

We head westward back to Barstow from Essex, through a rich mining region, inhabited mainly by "wild" burros and the seldom-seen Desert Bighorn Sheep. There are a few deer in the higher regions also. It's 65 rugged miles, some of it washboard, from Cima south to Essex, with no service in between.

At Essex the historic highway, Old 66, immortalized in song and story as they say, heads generally west through the service station oases of Danby (a long-time justice court hangout of Dix Van Dyke), Cadiz and Amboy back to a freeway junction at Ludlow. Or, if you're tired of the whole thing by now, you can rejoin the freeway six miles north of Essex and swing west in high speed style.

A word of caution again. The desert stretches of freeway are well-patrolled in these 55-mile-an-hour days, so you can make nearly as good time on the old roads and see more scenery.

West of Amboy, a somnolent desert trading center under one-man ownership, the old road follows, crosses and re-crosses the Santa Fe Railway, which was established here originally in the 1880s by the Southern Pacific, later became the Atlantic & Pacific and is now the high-speed route of much of the manifest freight to and from metropolitan Southern California.

Just west of Amboy the distinctive Amboy Crater looms to the south, reached by a tire-testing dirt road; at Ludlow you encounter the southern terminal of the Tonopah & Tidewater and by leaving the freeway you can wander through the remnants of a once-major mining and ranching supply center, now just a ghost with freeway ramp gas stations and cafes.

From Ludlow, it's a short 50-mile run back to Barstow, via the interesting Pisgah Crater, a low cinder cone south of the freeway and its paralleling Old 66. You'll go through historic Newberry and bypass Daggett without realizing, perhaps, the history represented by these old communities.

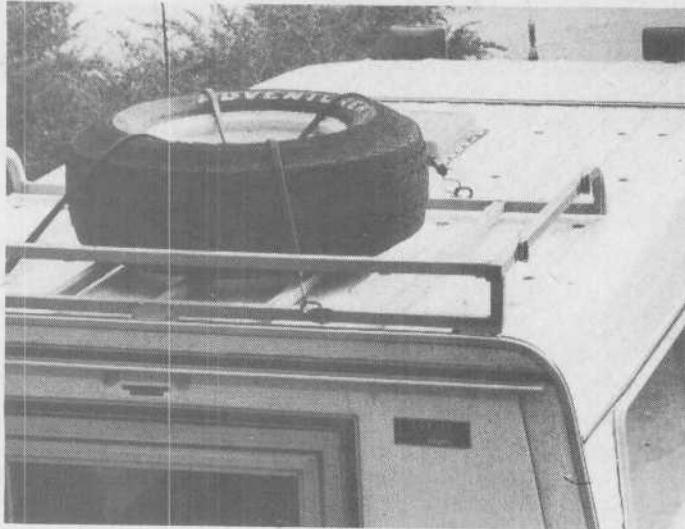
Newberry once served most of the desert stations and towns to the east with potable water from its deep wells and springs, while Daggett was a major mining outfitting and supply center until recent times.

From Barstow, where you again encounter the exotic Mojave River, either its sand or clear, flowing water, it's a freeway jump to San Bernardino, 70 miles via Victorville, or a longer, more interesting undulating run up the Mojave River via old 66 through Hendale, Oro Grande, Victorville, Hesperia and Cajon Pass.

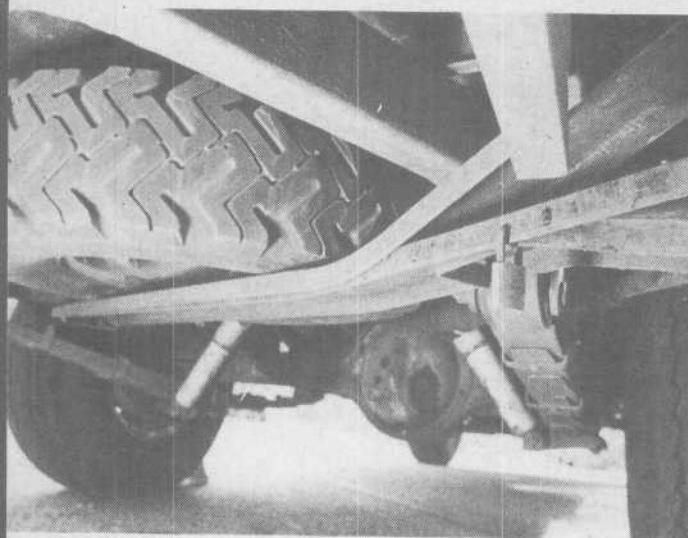
The Mojave Loop, as I said at the outset, isn't delineated on your regular tourist map or extolled in a special travel guide, but it's well worth a circuit, particularly in a flower-fragrant spring as the one we're encountering this year. Happy Motoring! □

WHEELS

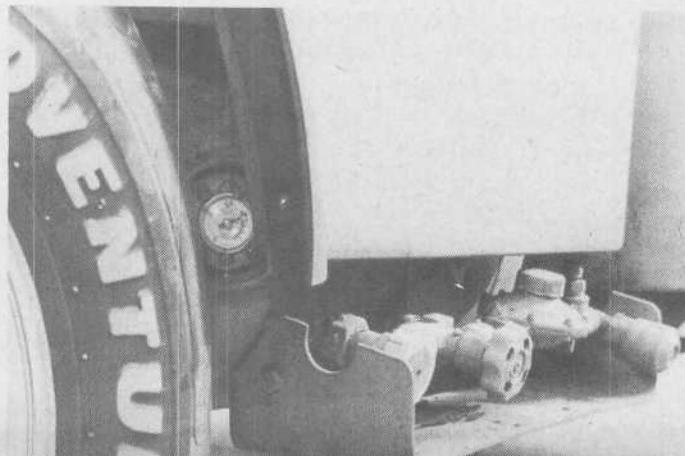
Primary spare is carried on roof rack which is stressed for 1000-pound loading. Visible ahead is the often-used ventilator.



Universal slide-out wheel carrier, primarily intended for domestic trucks, fit neatly under the rear overhang but someday will be displaced by an auxiliary gas tank.



Well-guarded propane tank controls and easily visible gauge make camp cooking a pleasure. Appliances plug into covered fitting at far end.



In THE February, 1979 issue of *Desert* I described how my choice narrowed to a 1965-vintage FJ-45L Toyota Land Cruiser pickup as a working tool to carry two people, camping gear and lots of supplies anywhere on the Baja Peninsula for a research project that at times requires one to two self-contained weeks away from civilization. And knowing that this Land Cruiser is a rare model (only 2782 sold in the U.S. between 1962 and 1967), I mentioned some alternate vehicles such as the current International Scout III Traveler, the four-door wagon variant of the Land Cruiser and the English Land Rover 108. The vehicles obviously omitted from my suggested list, notably CJ-series Jeeps, Blazers and their ilk, and any late-model American 4WD pickup truck are left out for carefully considered, non-critical reasons; specifically, the Jeeps are too short to serve as a bedroom while conversely, Blazers and late-model pickups are too bulky and vulnerable.

Within these limitations, I then wrote about the extensive mechanical modifications required to create a package capable of coping with Baja's rugged trails and developed my case in favor of starting out with a bare-bones used vehicle rather than a new one. The reason for that, very simply, is you'll probably need all the money you can save from going the used route to acquire the necessary equipment, not to mention the modifications. Though my total expenditure will come close to \$7,000, it is a figure somewhat less than today's price for a factory-stock 4WD pickup of any make.

I bought the FJ-45 from its first owner in May, 1975, and the equipping process is still going on as I write this nearly four years and 100,000 miles later. The big-ticket items still missing include a winch, overdrive and air-conditioning. The winch was continually ached out of finan-

FOR BAJA

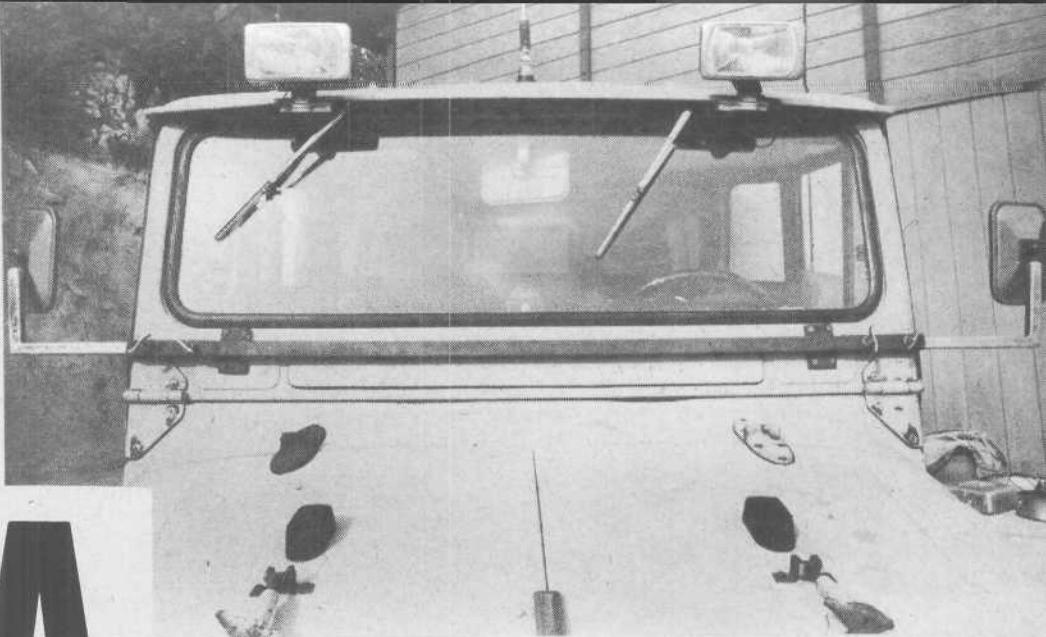
PART II

by DON MacDONALD

Photos by Gary Squier

cial contention by constant and expensive valve problems with the original Toyota engine while the overdrive and air-conditioning, of course, had to await the conversion to 350-cubic-inch Chevrolet power. One doesn't, however, have to stay home until every detail is in place. Don't succumb to the lure of the catalogs and try to do everything at once. Plan ahead with the idea that you'll still make a few mistakes as I did, notably postponing a paint job until now, most of the cost will be for removing equipment preparatory to painting.

My first project was to hunt for a suitable shell. It was not all that easy because the truck's odd-ball 2135mm x 1590mm bed size required a custom structure and I was unwilling to settle for the usual and flimsy wood and aluminum sandwich type of construction. I wanted an all-aluminum unit and among the makers I knew of, only Travel-Time of Springville, Utah, and the people who



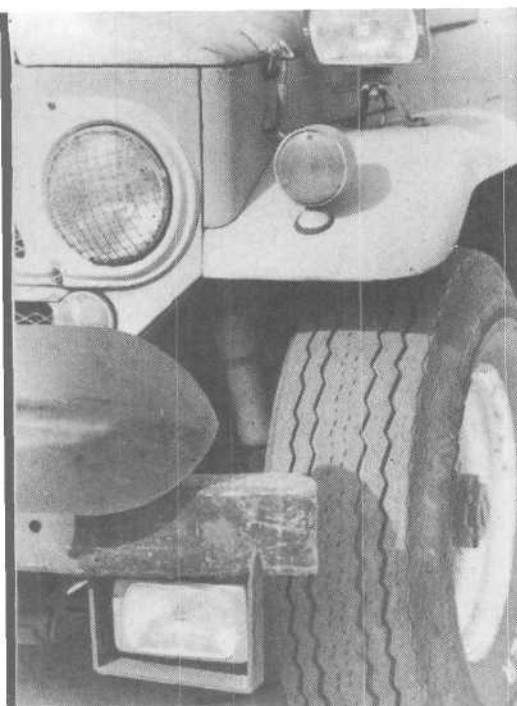
Road lights on cab roof [above] have reflective range of 5000 feet. Extendable rear view mirrors can be moved in when clearance is a problem. Fog lights under bumper [below] are protected by heavy guards. Those on fenders are normally aimed to light each side of the road. Visible bottom center is the prototype differential guard mentioned in text.



make the hydraulically extendable Alaskan camper were willing to fool with non-standard dimensions. The Alaskan offers many advantages but it is heavy, and the collapsible feature severely restricts visibility to the rear.

Whatever make shell you choose, be sure all windows are of safety glass, not plastic which scratches too easily, and that they are of the sliding, not jalousie, type as the latter are prone to damage by heavy brush. The skin should be the thickest in the maker's catalog, painted

white to reflect heat, and the roof should be braced to carry at least 1000 pounds. You won't really have that much gear on the rack but it gives you a hedge against the impact forces generated by the rough roads. Be sure, too, that a roof ventilator is included, that all screens are mounted inside the windows and that the rear door is of the vertical or so-called "cargo" type attached with piano-style hinges. Do not panel or carpet the interior walls; the bare skin will give you better cooling.



Headlight guards protect expensive halogen units from damage by flying rocks and brush.

I use the pickup body floor for sleeping so to insulate it, I started out with a layer of one-half inch rug cushion topped by one-half inch custom-fitted plywood. To this I added five-inch foam cushions, also custom-fitted in two sections and covered with the heaviest obtainable Naugahyde. The mirror-image cabinets and icebox housings along each side were, of course, constructed before the cushions were fabricated. These top-access cabinets have removable dividers for flexible storage, and also serve as passenger seats. There is additional space for small items behind the catalytic heaters at the forward end of the shell and the shelf above them is convenient for sleeping bag stowage.

Mounted on and under this shelf is a linear-amplified Sanyo cassette tape deck with AM/FM stereo radio, positioned so that it can be easily reached from both the driver's seat and from inside the shell. The two Jensen tri-axial speakers are boxed and mounted on the icebox cabinets at the rear. The principal purpose of this tape deck is for recording notes and observations while on the road but the home-quality stereo it produces can indeed be pleasant. A Pace 2300 CB is mounted on an accessory package shelf (Downey Toyota) above the windshield. CB is, of course, of marginal usefulness in Baja due to its line-of-sight range and the scarcity of REACT centers but that will change in time. After all,



Sealed beam tractor lights at \$7.95 each make excellent aids for backing out of your mistakes. Note the spigots on the water cans,

CB has just recently become legal for Americans to use down there. Both the CB and a dash-mounted scanner capable of receiving the national weather frequency as well as police, marine and aircraft transmissions are connected to a unique device called an Ashworth Sound Reproducer. This essentially is a speaker magnet screwed into the package shelf (or any other flat surface) which transmits sound through the entire surface to which it is attached. It thus eliminates the directional limitations of conventional in-car speakers. The CB has its own set of side-mounted, top-loaded four-foot antenna and the other radios share the conventional antenna mounted on the cab roof. I don't claim these to be optimum for best reception as I was more concerned with avoiding damage from overhanging tree limbs, not to mention man-made overhead structures.

Air-conditioning should not be considered a luxury for Baja travel or anywhere else in the Southwest desert for that matter, particularly in a Toyota Land Cruiser. No attempt is made by the factory to insulate the bodies from mechanically generated heat and on one occasion, a passenger very nearly required hospitalization for heat prostration one mid-afternoon while coming in from Lancaster on the Antelope Valley freeway during 100°F ambient temperatures which in any other vehicle would be no big deal. I've even found it necessary to



Tool-Tote on bumper carries a Hi-Lift jack, shovel and axe along with a resilient "snatch" strap for towing.

wear leather-soled, not plastic or rubber, shoes to protect my feet from the hot floorboard.

My choice for air-conditioning when I get it will be an Alamo Model T-160 unit mounted on the cab roof, using the rotary compressor that came with the Chevy engine. There's no room under the dash and Alamo's design has a desirably low profile as well as enough output to cool both cab and shell. This last requirement illustrates the need for planning ahead. To cool the shell with an air-conditioning unit mounted on the cab roof obviously requires an enclosed passageway between the two structures, or "crawl-through" boot as it is commonly called. I foresaw this when the shell was being fabricated and had them position and size the fixed forward window so that it exactly matched the rear window of the truck cab, thus greatly simplifying the construction of the boot which was done for \$125 by Crager's Auto Interiors of Torrance. Even with the nicely matched fit, however, there was enough flex between the cab and pickup bed to require a set of BMC cab-to-bed dampers to protect the boot structures. These dampers are nothing more than short-stroke, automotive-type shock absorbers and they do their job well.

I've been accused of "over-kill" when people see my three sets of Cibie road lights on the front and sharper eyes might even note that prior to the Baja

trip, I exchange the domestic sealed-beam headlights for Cibie halogen units. That makes a total of 1,100,000 candle-power if I used them all at once, which I can't because they draw too much current. However, Baja is an "open range" area, meaning that livestock wanders at will on the highways and trails. In addition, the paved roads usually lack shoulders which means that when a vehicle breaks down, repairs take place in the middle of the highway at any time of the day or night. That activity, in turn, is usually signalled by large rocks placed across the lane some distance from the disabled vehicle. Then often as not when the vehicle is finally repaired, the rocks are left behind. It's just the way they do it down there and it's cheaper and safer to light than fight.

The lights under each end of the front bumper and protected by heavy guards are for fog and useful anywhere. The pair on the front fenders are also fog lights but when in Baja, I aim them off to each side to outline pedestrians, unmarked intersections and most importantly, cattle grazing by the side of the road which might spook out in front of me. The units on the leading edge of the cab roof are true road lights which are capable of reflecting objects at distances up to 5,000 feet. In practice, they will pick out a dead, black cow lying on asphalt (or those rocks I mentioned) in time for you to dodge or stop. All of these lights except the bumper-mounted fogs are connected to separate toggles

through the dimmer switch which deactivates them instantly with the approach of an oncoming vehicle. Collectively, they have saved their \$70 per pair cost many times over. There are many good brands of road lights on the market but I know from experience that the Cibies are rugged, praise I can't bestow on the Philips bulbs used which are unpredictable. One bulb in a pair of new lights might blow in a few days and its replacement does the same, so you (or the dealer) start blaming voltage surge, and then the second replacement will last for months.

I have not yet succumbed to over-kill on instrumentation or luxury appointments in the cab. The original Toyota gauges were adapted to accept signals from the Chevy engine. I've added a tachometer, eight-day clock, map light, compass and inclinometer. The clock, which was liberated years ago from a World War II bomber, worked fine until I installed the new engine. Now, it alternates between running two hours fast per day and not at all. It's obviously a victim of magnetic fields set up, probably, by the electronic ignition which I have yet to find an effective method of shielding. Reader advice on this problem would be welcomed.

The five-gallon propane supply fits neatly ahead of the right rear wheel, being on the curb side along with the two spare Jerry cans of gasoline to minimize fire danger. I experienced some difficulty in finding an LPG tank that combined

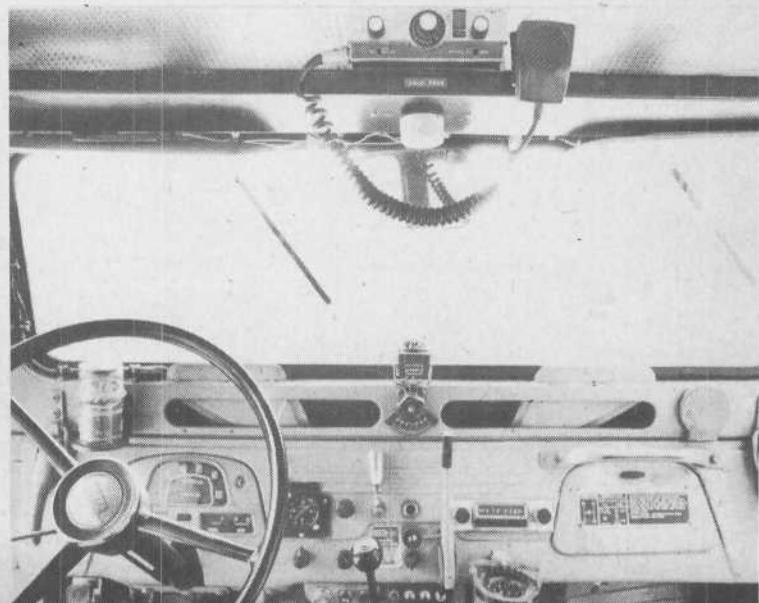
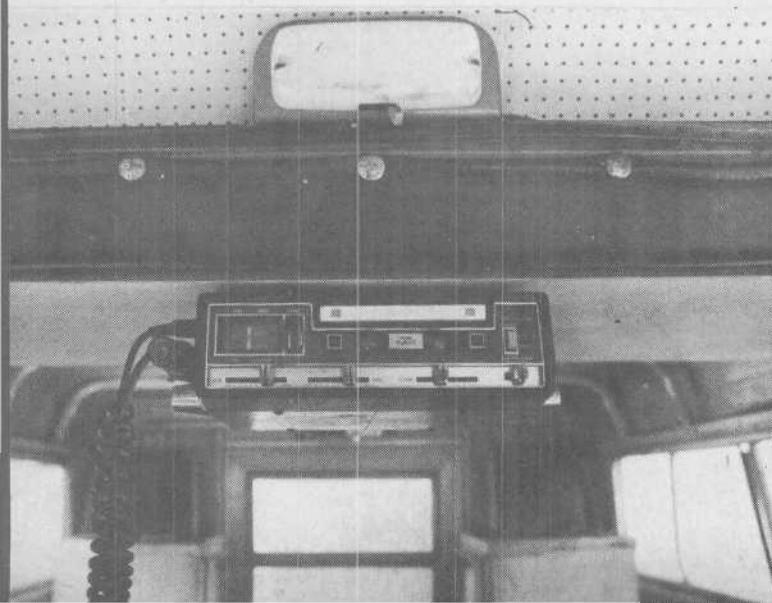
the right shape with a guard for the controls and a gauge, mainly because the once numerous and helpful fabricators of these tanks have all been absorbed by a couple of big outfits which have standardized their own ideas on what you need. One need of mine was two outlet valves, one for the catalytic heaters in the shell and the other for a low (4.5 psi) pressure cooking stove and one or more lanterns which would be used outside the truck. Keep in mind, as I didn't, that vehicle-type propane installations won't serve the Coleman variety of high-pressure camp stoves and lanterns. You have to buy special low-pressure equipment and the portable kind is sometimes hard to find. I have now specially fabricated hoses with bayonet fittings that plug right into the supply and reach to the camping area.

You're never very far from the ocean in Baja so bathing isn't much of a problem. Drinking, radiator and cooking water, however, are, so in addition to as much bottled water as I can find room for in the shell, I carry two five-gallon water cans on the left rear which are equipped with spigots. These special cans, obtainable at surplus stores, are painted on the inside; don't use ordinary Jerry cans for water as they'll quickly rust out. The simplest, most durable mount for standard shape cans, gasoline or water, is Dick Cepek's "original" and mail-ordered by him out of his store in Downey, California. And that brings to mind

Continued on Page 35

View to rear from cab shows Sanyo tape recorder and the twin speakers mounted on the ice boxes.

Instrumentation and controls are essentially stock. Centered above is the Pace 2300 CB with the Ashworth Sound Reproducer [described in text] below it.





Water skiers and sailboat enthusiasts find Lake Powell's uncrowded waters much to their liking.



The Magic of Lake

MANY ATTEMPTS have been made to describe the unforgettable beauty and charm of Lake Powell with poetic words and lyrical phrases. It has been celebrated in memorable word-songs as a living jewel, blue-green and glistening in a burnished necklace of sculptured sandstone—and indeed this vast gathering of crystal waters in the midst of awesome canyons, towering pinnacles and spectacular rocky rainbows is all of that—and more.

Much, much more.

No poet will ever find within himself the power to verbalize all the many splendors that he sees and ponders as he gazes out across the magnificence of Lake Powell's unsurpassed wonderland of water and primordial rock formations.

Nor can any artist ever fully capture on canvas, nor any photographer on film, the exquisite merging of sunlit colors, the delicate drift of evening shadows, or the far-reaching silences that in some miraculous way seem forever remote and undisturbed by the doing of man. For all their ardor and skills, poets and artists can capture only momentary images and

impressions, never the infinity of colors, textures and moods which are the substance and the glory of the lake and its multi-hued peaks and canyons.

Lake Powell is a universe in itself for those who get to know it best, an unrivaled creation of man and nature, a symphony of water and rock that in its own way is as old as Time and as new as Today. It is a pleasureland of rest and recreation in which superlatives soon lose their impact and leave the mind groping for descriptions that exist only in the pulsations of the heart and the zest of senses released to go soaring fervent and free away from the day-by-day toil and vexations of our complex and over-crowding modern world.

Created in 1963 by the construction of the 710-feet-high Glen Canyon Dam, Lake Powell spans some 200 miles of the Southwest's most spectacular chasms along the Colorado River and its branching tributaries. Stored behind its 1,500-feet-long concrete barrier are 27 million acre feet of precious western water that is capable of producing 900,000 kilowatts of hydroelectric power

C

Powell

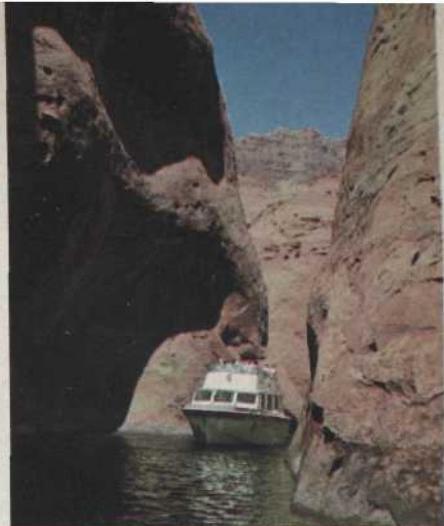
by C. WILLIAM HARRISON

as it spins the turbines of the dam's eight huge generators. Unbelievable as it may seem, this enormous man-made lake has some 1,900 miles of shoreline, surpassing in length the combined coastlines of California, Oregon and Washington.

Each year Lake Powell becomes the four-seasons mecca for more than a million sight-seers and sportspersons. Yet so vast is this vacationland of water and rock, and so varied its many attractions, there is never any sense of being crowded or hurried by others. For those who seek it, solitude and silence are always close at hand in the innumerable bays, inlets and tributary canyons of the lake's 250 square miles of boating and fishing waters.

For some it is a never-to-be-forgotten first visit; for others it is an annual or semi-annual renewal of explorations and recreational pleasures that cannot be found in any other place. Some arrive in trailers, campers or motor homes. Others arrive by air or in family cars with plans to stay in one of the several motels in nearby Page, Arizona, or in the

The day tour boat to Rainbow Bridge winds through a narrow canyon.

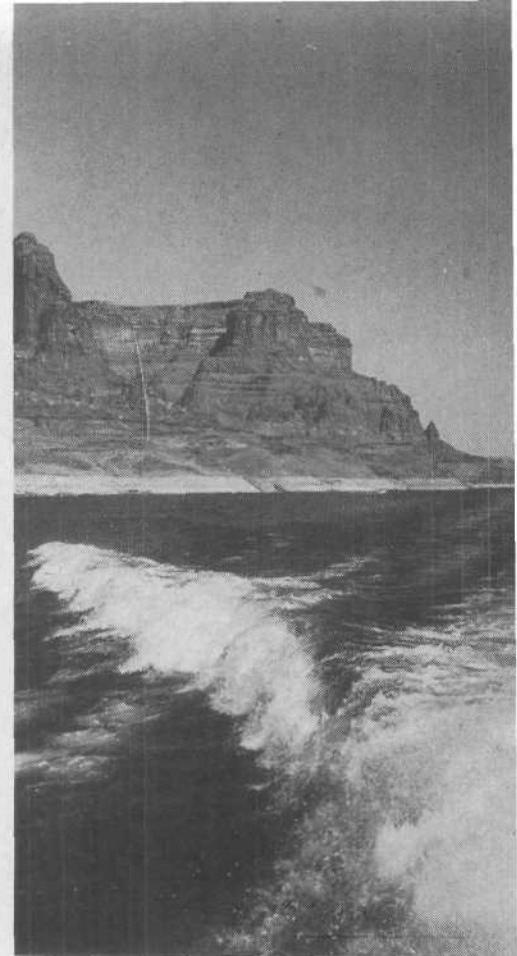


Awesome Rainbow Bridge is only a short walk from the dock.



Rainbow Marina in Forbidding Canyon offers fuel, a store and sanitary facilities.





The pool area at Wahweap Lodge provides rest and relaxation while affording a panoramic view of the bay.

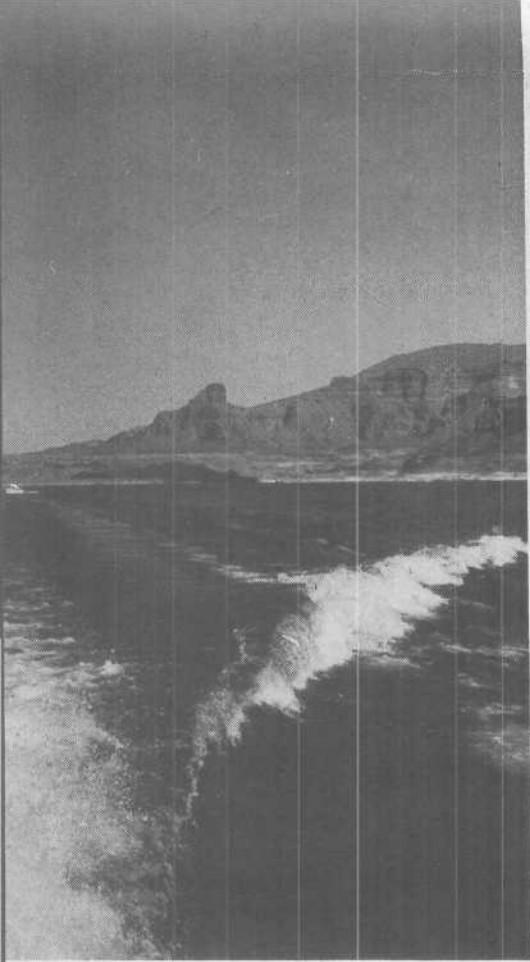


superb lakeshore comforts and conveniences of Wahweap Lodge and Marina.

No visit to Lake Powell is complete without experiencing the pleasure and excitement of one of the half- or full-day boat excursions out of Wahweap Marina to the most memorable attraction of them all, the majestic and incomparable Rainbow Bridge.

With a licensed and informative pilot at the controls of your all-weather tour cruiser, your 100-mile voyage to that immense and superbly symmetrical rocky rainbow, which was called *Nonnezosheboko* by the Navajo and *Barohoini* by the Paiute, is an ever-changing panorama of scenic and historic delights . . . the site commemorating the place where in 1776

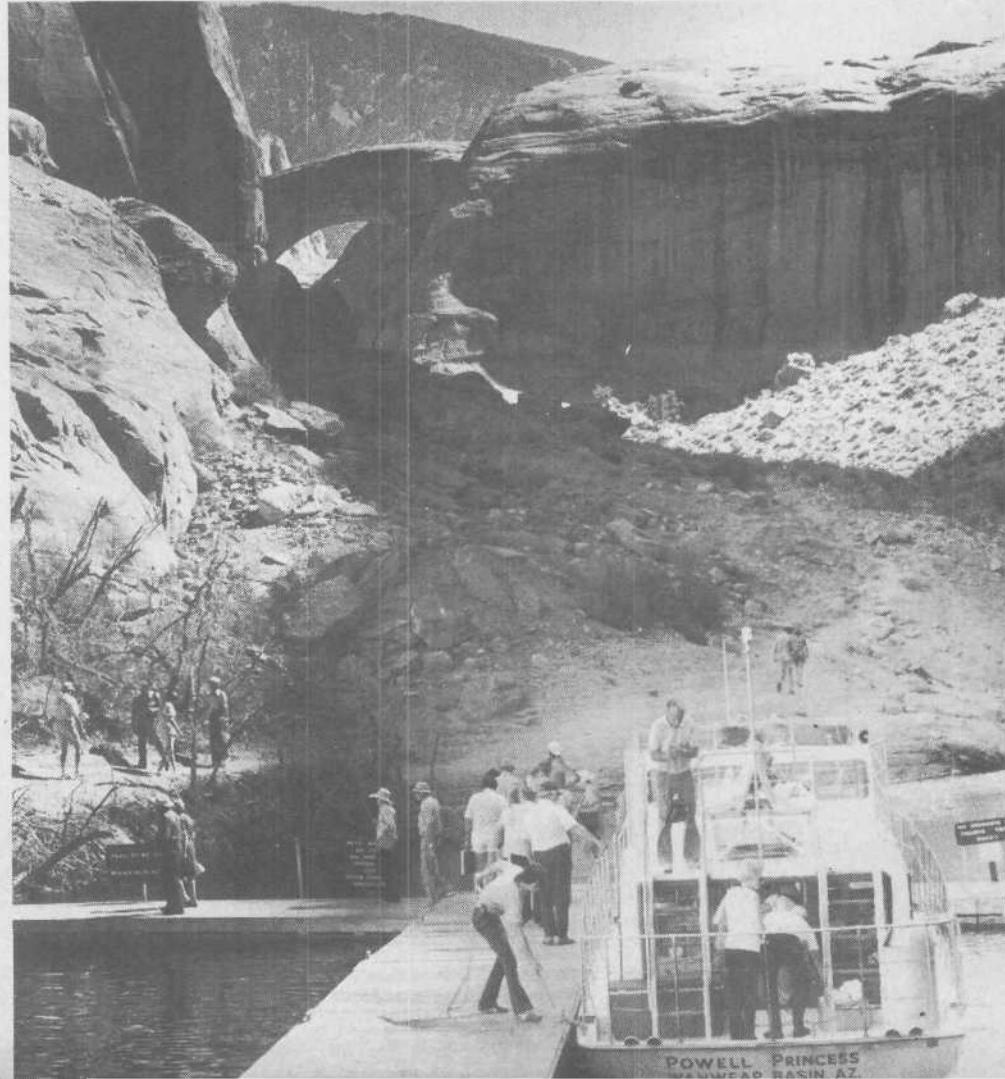
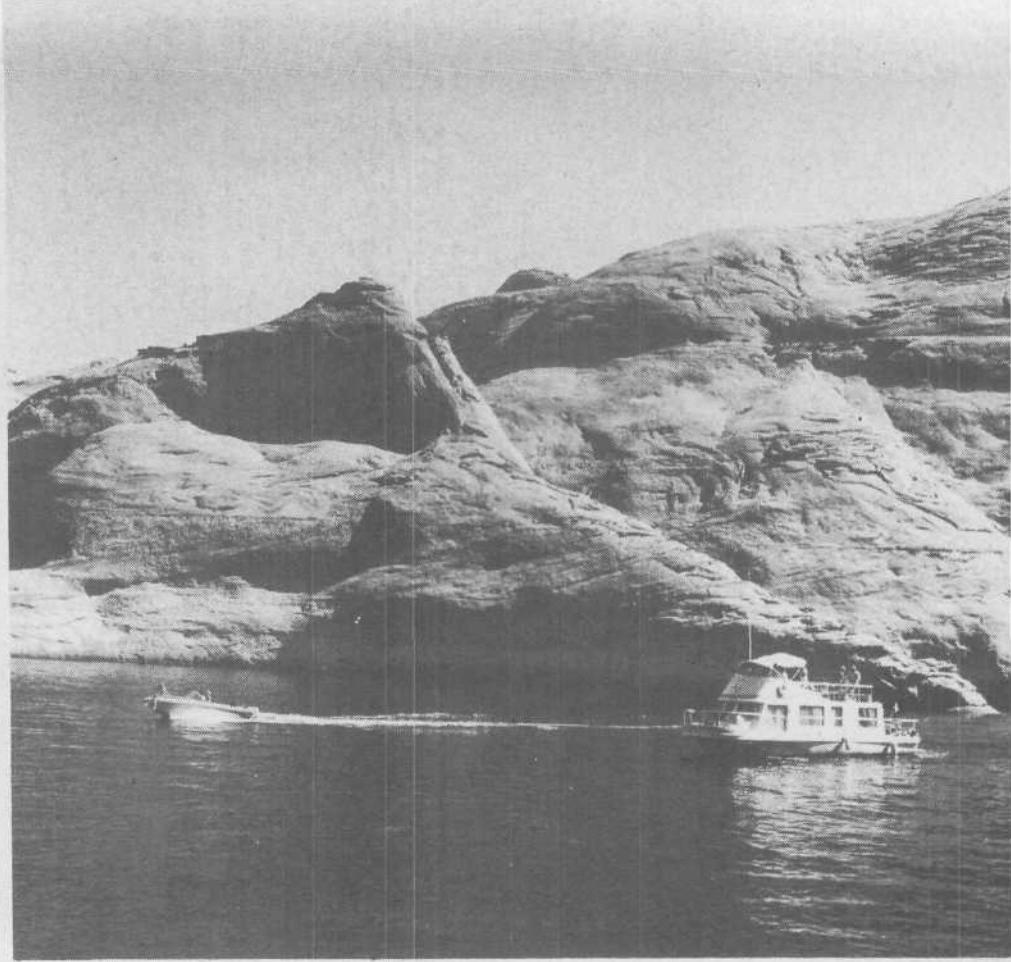
Tranquil Wahweap Basin provides mooring for many private craft. This view is from Wahweap Lodge.



The tour boat leaves its wake [above] as it heads for Rainbow Bridge. Houseboating [right] is a favorite on Lake Powell.

the two lost and starving Franciscan priests, Escalante and Dominguez, somehow managed to cross the turbulent Colorado in their efforts to return to Santa Fe . . . the silent procession of buttes and minarets spectacularly carved by time and the elements . . . the brooding labyrinthian waterway of Secret Canyon that takes you between the bulging immensity of sandstone cliffs where nature has been stripped by primordial forces to pose nude and unblushing before humanity.

And then you see it as your cruiser eases around the final bend in the narrow channel—see at last the sunlit beauty and sublime nobility of that colossal structure of all ages, beckoning you to it with the silent serenity of its eternal glory. □



The tour boat ties up at the foot of the trail to Rainbow Bridge.

Probing Indian on Dese



Joe Temple [left], Sandi Sutton and Mark Sutton sift debris for small artifacts.



Students and amateur archeologists take break around a campfire.

WHAT WAS THE ancient Indians' role on desert lands? Were the hot desert regions, for instance, merely a place to cross on expeditions elsewhere or did these lands serve a much greater function?

These are among the questions being asked as college students and amateur archeologists work several digs in the Mojave Desert of California. Amateur archeologists of all ages have been especially invited to join the students on the venture because of their common interest and to take advantage of their expertise.

Most of those working on this project are members of the Antelope Valley Archeological Society, an organization formed to assist the lay person with a sincere interest of the pre-history of the desert. According to Roger Robinson, in charge of the dig and instructor of archeology at Antelope Valley College, Lancaster, California, the joint venture has been working well.

There are few places throughout the endless stretches of land on the American continent that the Indian did not either inhabit or travel through extensively. And the Antelope Valley section of the Mojave Desert is no exception.

Ancient S' Role rt Lands

by JOE KRAUS

Mark Sutton
[left] and
Roger
Robinson
look over
smaller
artifacts
found just
that morning.

Through much study it has been determined that the Antelope Valley region of the Mojave Desert served as a crossroads in an Indian trade route and was therefore inhabited for much longer periods of time than what was previously believed. And by uncovering what the Indian had left behind, researchers have been piecing together a most fascinating story.

At the present time a team of archeologists are winding up the excavation of a major village site at the west end of the valley. Research so far has indicated that the village was occupied fairly continuously over the last 2,000 years, an area occupied during the early historic period by the Kitanemuk Shoshone.

Robinson said that teams have excavated the remains of a large cemetery as well as many parts of the village proper including the remains of houses, roasting pits, fire hearths and other features.

Among the materials uncovered have been ornaments made of beads, shells, bones and stone. The archeologists have also uncovered work tools such as drills, knives, scrapers, needles and punches.

There have been tools of hunting and war — projectile points, arrowheads and



Amateur archeologists and students excavate remains of an ancient wickiup.



Student Pat Flanagan [left] uncovers charcoal remains as Instructor Roger Robinson logs find in record book. Below: Gary Aubrey gets close to his work as he exposes foundation rim of a wickiup.



spearheads of all types. The dig has also provided handicrafts among which have been basketry, cordage and pottery. The archeologists have also uncovered stone bowls, grinding rocks and implements at the site.

The area currently being worked covers about three acres with "suburbs" in the immediate area adding another 300 acres. Because of the massive amount of work required, Robinson admitted that the site will never be completely excavated.

He explained that the site was discovered only after 70 to 80 percent of the area was already destroyed by vandals. Even though what remained was most rewarding and the site evolved into the most productive of all in the area to date, vandals had taken their toll. Robinson emphasized, however, that the vandalism here and in other nearby areas was not necessarily intentional. Some of it was done by individuals not knowing what was beneath the ground. Some was done through construction projects such as roads, canals and buildings, also unknowingly by workmen at the site. He said it was only natural as well for a hiker or horseback rider to pick up an object if it looked interesting, not knowing that the displacement of the artifact could very well lose its real value to archeologists. Few of these people, as well, are aware of the federal and state laws protecting such areas.

Despite all of this, however, the present dig has proved most rewarding. Information obtained to date has provided knowledge of the general way of life of these people over a long period of time. It also suggests many changes in culture.

"Because of our research," Robinson said, "we now know a great deal about this Indian's basic economic system, the foods he ate and the raw materials he gathered. We now know where he went to get these raw materials and when (time of year). We also know something about the relationship he had with surrounding cultures."

Robinson said that among the more interesting items which the study uncovered was that the Antelope Valley was considered by the early Indians to be very important in trade relations. Most of the material moving between the deserts in Eastern California and the coastal areas passed through the Antelope Valley. For the early Indian the area was

a crossroads for general trade and cultural contact.

He said artifacts found at the present dig prove direct ties between peoples of the whole Pacific Coast from what is now San Francisco Bay through Baja California and from the canyons of the Colorado River in Arizona.

"We are shedding light on the way in which humans come to acquire a knowledge of their environment," he said. "We are also seeing how their culture adapted to change."

Another major discovery, according to Robinson, is that it is now believed that the area was capable of sustaining a much large population and had a more complex and stable culture than would be assumed for a desert environment.

"We are still not sure, however, whether this is due to widespread cultural contacts or a different and more productive environment or perhaps a combination of both," Robinson said.

Although large, the population was kept down and somewhat limited by the environment. This was due, he said, to the harsh conditions. The desert Indians gathered all their food by natural means. They did not engage in agriculture nor did they raise domestic animals. And yet under these terms they apparently were able to maintain a large village and thrive quite successfully under conditions which anthropologists would associate with marginal living.

"We are much more enlightened now," Robinson said. "But 20 years ago if you told archeologists that this site even existed here they wouldn't have believed it."

Robinson said that the pre-history of the Mojave Desert possibly goes back to the end of the last ice age when present-day dry lakes were wet lakes, when ancient hunters probably tracked animal types that no longer exist.

Although much of the information is being pieced together with the result that many of the earlier questions are being answered, there is still quite a lot of mysteries to be uncovered. He said the students and volunteers involved in the excavation are now working on more specific problems involving social and political organization and general cultural-ecological relationships. And, according to Robinson, there is still much work to do in the job of obtaining new and valuable information for future generations. □

A large, bold, sans-serif title centered on the page, reading "A Special Guidebook Offering!"

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- Exploring Calif. Byways #VI Owens Valley
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- Guidebook to the Missions of California
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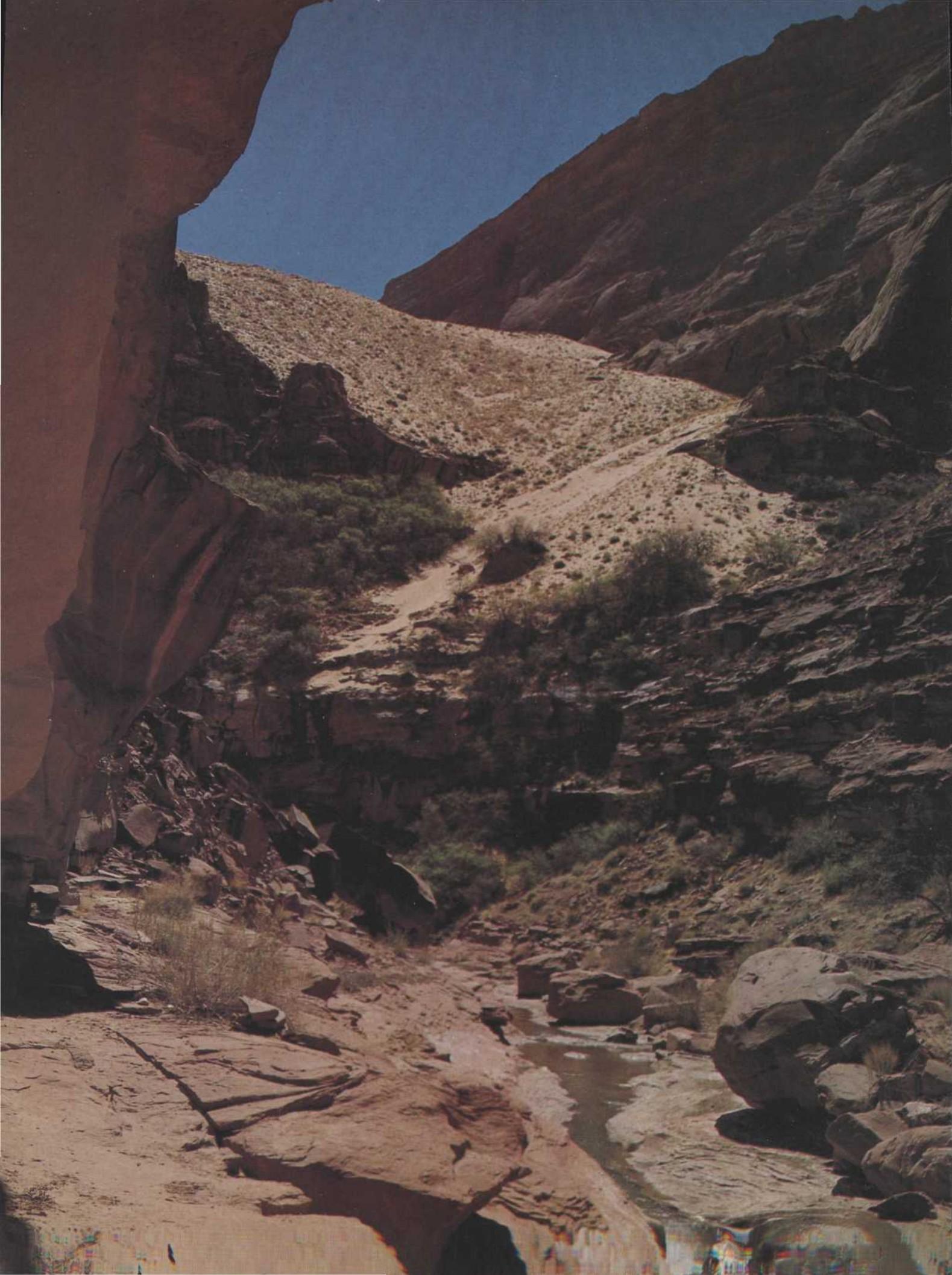
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AS THE RIVER FLOWS

Sand dunes have formed high on some of the escarpments along the Paria River. Photos by author.

by JERRY SIEVE

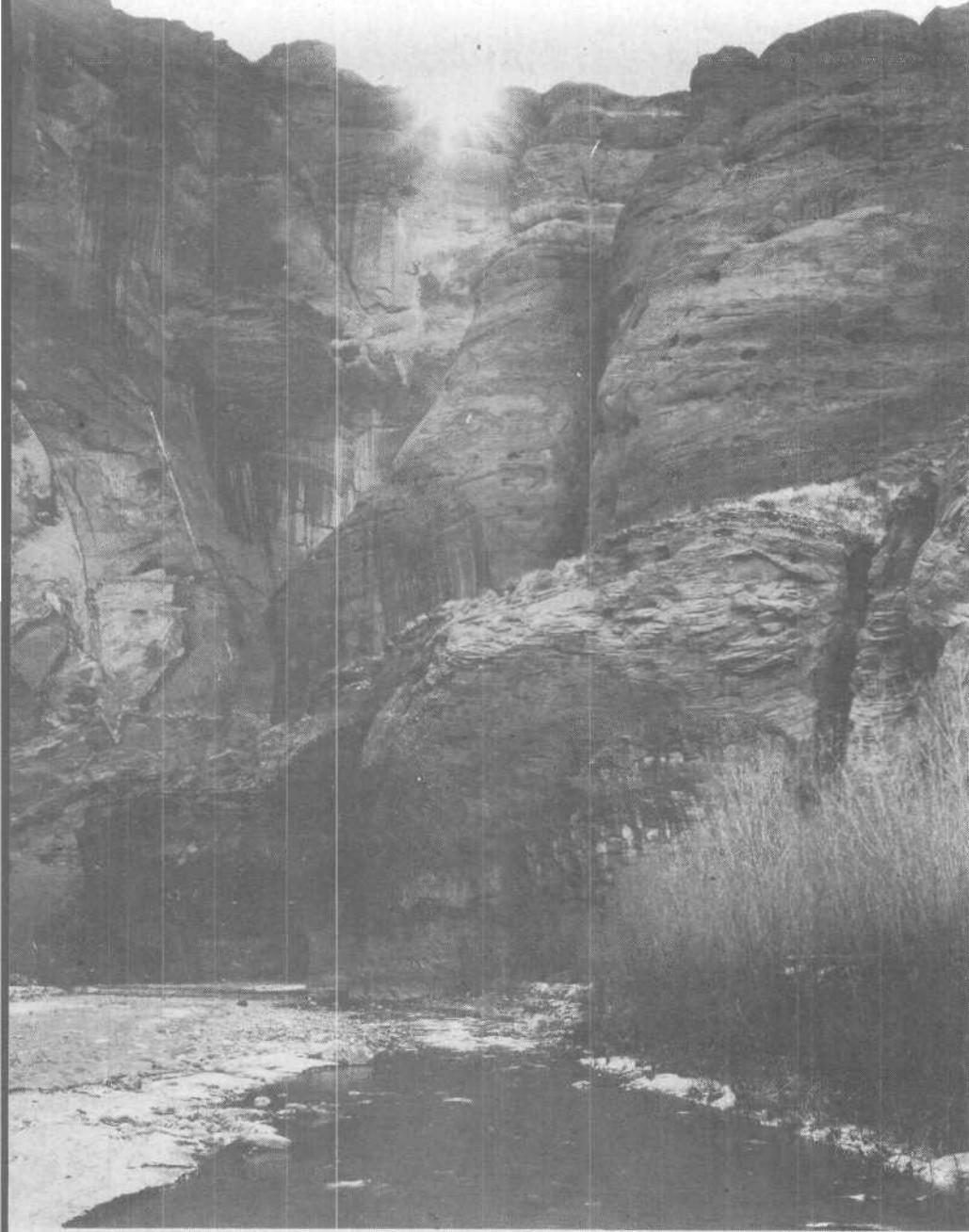
DURING THE evening another spring storm has piled snow high on the multi-colored cliffs of Bryce Canyon. As the sun appeared on the eastern horizon, millions of snow crystals are instantaneously transformed into liquid which in turn sets in motion a system that has lasted for over 60 million years.

Down from highly eroded cliffs water travels quickly until reaching a rather broad plain where in totality it received a name. Paria: (PA-REE-AH) a Piute Indian word meaning elk or dirty water. For almost 40 miles the Paria lazes along in a self-contained meander rarely becoming more than six inches deep. Soon, with the sinuous water way moving south, the Paria approaches an obstacle. On the horizon appears the rising hulk of Paria Plateau. At this point the struggle begins.

First, low mounds of cross-bedded sandstone appear as the valley narrows from perhaps a mile to about 100 yards. Gradually, while traveling deeper into the confines of the plateau, the mounds have been transformed into vertical walls and have begun to close in.

The Paria River makes curious patterns on its way to the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry.





As the sun leaves for the day, Paria Canyon prepares to sleep.

Higher and higher the walls reach as the internal forces keep an upward thrust on the land mass seemingly to block the Paria's progress. First 50, then 100, soon 200 feet. But relentless cutting action by the river thwarts any attempt at obstruction.

The river is no longer in a valley now but a canyon, with a width of no more than 50 feet. Also, sandy banks once filled with small trees and shrubs have vanished leaving nothing but river bottom and sheer sandstone walls. Previously, our river has traveled in a roughly southern direction but now, with canyon walls of 300 feet, the plateau forces the Paria to veer east for a while, then back south,

then east again. For a moment it appears the plateau might repel the river as the waterway is forced northward. However, in response, the channel narrows even more as the Paria concentrates its erosional power.

As the primeval contest continues, the twisting stream's path is suddenly split by a 100-foot-high block of solid sandstone that has fallen from the canyon walls. This only temporarily impairs progress as the barrier's bottom is gradually ground into a point. Passing this, the Paria again attains a southerly course.

At its narrowest point, Paria Canyon measures only 12 feet wide with curving sandstone walls that

reach a height of 500 feet. Shortly after this, the Paria joins forces with water from a contorted tributary called Buckskin Gulch. Also adding to an ever-increasing flow comes water from various springs and seeps that in some places have caused the formation of small box canyons.

With this extra erosive strength the channel begins to widen again. Sandy banks reappear along with the brilliant green of riparian grasses, bushes and cottonwood trees, all of which contrast sharply with colossal red canyon walls.

Soon, massive side canyons cut deep gashes into the plateau's flanks. Each have springs and also collect runoff from rainstorms which occasionally occur. All of this adds more power to the Paria on its relentless journey which has now shifted to a southeasterly direction.

In what seems a last ditch effort to block the river's path, the remains of a massive rock slide are found strewn along one portion of the canyon. The Paria, however, has either pulverized or swept out of the way any auto-sized boulders that have fallen in its course.

Nearing the end of its journey the river flows past beautiful blue-black desert varnish, gleaming on burnt red canyon walls, that are now more than a mile and a half away and over 2500 feet high.

Finally, the end arrives. The Paria is victorious. However, this does not end the story of the melted snow crystals we have followed from limestone cliffs some 80 miles away. The time has come to join with a greater river, the Colorado, to do battle in the greatest of canyons, the Grand Canyon, and in turn continue the process begun millions of years in the past.

NOTE: Information about backpacking in Paria Canyon can be obtained by contacting the Bureau of Land Management, in Kanab, Utah. The hike covers about 38 miles and usually requires about five days to walk its entire length.

WHEELS FOR BAJA

Continued from Page 23

padlocks. All items on the outside of the truck and some inside are padlocked with one key serving all the locks. Order them this way from any lock shop and get a couple more than you think you'll ever need.

Another example of foresight in choosing equipment is illustrated by the Tool-Tote mounted on the front bumper. As I've mentioned, a heavy-duty Warn winch is a high-ticket item and its purchase tends to get postponed. Meanwhile, the 7500-pound capacity Hi-Lift jack included with the Tool-Tote will double in brass as a winch. Use it like you were stretching barbed wire for a fence; the process is time-consuming but effective. Also, of course, the shovel and axe are handy to have along. The Tool-Tote mounted in that location is compatible with the Warn winch and the special bumper provided with it for Toyota installations but not with any other design winch that I know of.

I am about to get rid of the step bumper at the rear for there is enough overhang to be bothersome without it. Whatever its replacement, however, there will still be provision for those protected tractor lights which I've used many times for backing out of my mistakes as well as for light in camp. Another useful item that can't be readily seen in the photos is the slide-out carrier for the second spare wheel and tire. These are made for most American pickup trucks and the "universal" model just happened to fit my Toyota, replacing the back-breaking original carrier.

I could devote much of this article to the big-ticket items already in place or planned but the right little ones are just as hard to find and some of both turned out to be ill-conceived in unexpected ways. For example, I inherited a set of "Western" rear-view mirrors when I bought the truck but replaced them with extendable, cowl-mounted mirrors from Downey Toyota because the latter seemed less vulnerable. I didn't, though, anticipate the doors banging against them which, on the right, always manages to break the parabolic insert I like to keep there.

It's improbable that my Toyota will ever blossom forth in a candy paint job or



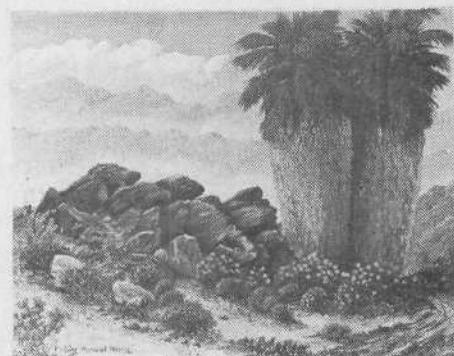
Truck bed with its five-inch cushions is just wide and long enough for two sleepers. Ice boxes at forward end each hold 25 pounds which lasts maybe five days. Catalytic heaters at far end are super-efficient when they work.

any more chrome than what might come with some accessory I install. Its beauty for those who might appreciate it is in its functionalism. Every installation is either paired or centered which can be a sometimes expensive fetish as witness the unnecessary second catalytic heater. There's a grommet wherever a wire goes through sheetmetal. Slowly, everything I must carry is finding a place. If I can't buy the necessary bracket, I have one fabricated. If you take your time, you'll find a "sanitary" answer to each problem, an answer that will hold up under any pounding that Baja might give it.

Lastly, I'd like to list some experts, both to credit them for their contributions and as a guide to readers who might be planning a similar project. The big job, that of the engine conversion, was handled by Paul Cantarano who operates the Anza Valley Tire and Auto Co. on Highway 371 in Anza, California. Installations other than my own were about equally shared by Tony and Joe Cracchio of San Pedro 4WD Center on Gaffey Street in San Pedro and Burt Koch of Koch Bros. RV Supplies on Long Beach Blvd. in North Long Beach. Both of these latter firms will also go out of their way to order up hard-to-find equipment or even, as in the case of my front differential guard, talking the supplier into designing something that's needed. Then

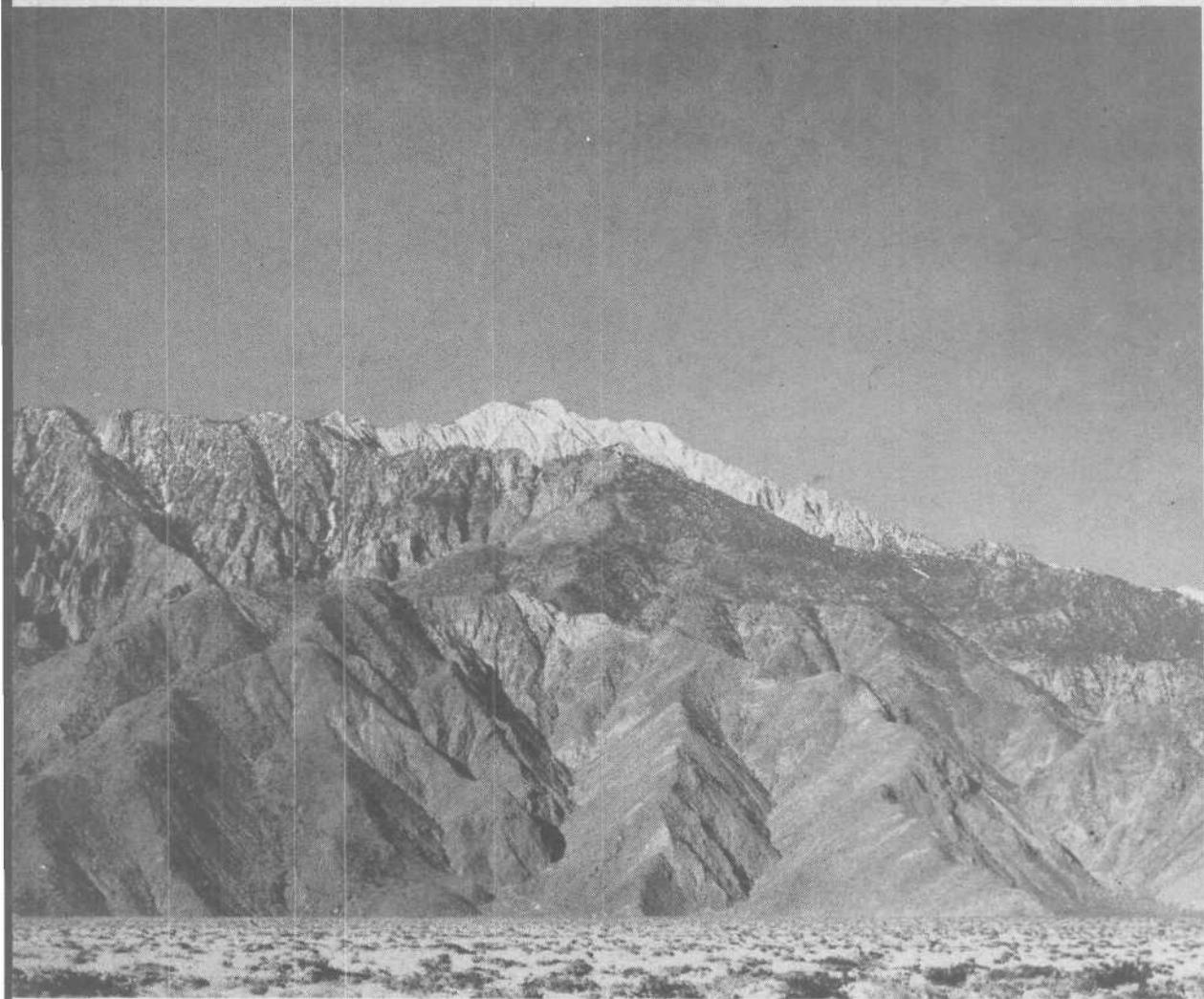
Cal Finley, president of Travel-Time in Springville, Utah, will still custom-build an all-aluminum shell for those who want one but not, I'm sure, at the \$609.50 price he charged me four years ago. For sound advice rather than boloney about tire types and wheel combinations I'd like to thank George Vaught, chief tire engineer for Sears in Chicago. For Toyota factory parts, I rely on Desert Toyota in Cathedral City, mainly because they're willing to try where other dealers in that make oftentimes aren't. □

"The original of this painting not for sale. Now in the collection of Dr. & Mrs. R. S. Baddour, Palm Springs, California."



Twin Palms in Andreas Canyon
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GUARDIANS OF



The Desert Angel.
Photo by
Collis H. Steere.

Below:
Madonna and Child,
as seen from
La Verner Way.
Photo by author.

SILENTLY THEY WATCH over the valley, sometimes shrouded in the mists of early morning or the haze of late evening, sometimes boldly flaunting their images in the brittle sunlight. Like cryptic beings of a nether world they hold themselves aloof, tantalizing those who crave a more intimate acquaintance, because their existence is questioned by unbelievers. Yet the Angel, the Witch and the Madonna are visible all year round to those who have solved the mystery of their whereabouts, although most people pass through the Palm Springs area unaware of their guardianship.

The best known of these landmarks, the Angel, is believed to have been created by a rock slide in the early twenties. A Southern Pacific train conductor is credited with its discovery, and when the train pulled into Banning, he

excitedly called his friend, Russell Donaldson, an early-day photographer. Donaldson was skeptical of his story about an Angel standing over the dust of a rock slide on the mountain near Whitewater, but on the chance that there just might be something worth photographing, he packed up his equipment and hurried out to see for himself. To his great amazement he did find a 450-foot-high outcropping of white granite at about the 2300-foot level on the mountain, and it did indeed resemble an Angel with outstretched wings.

Pictures were taken and reproduced on postal cards, which are still available in desert shops these many years later. Tourists came to the desert to view this natural wonder, and the granite formation about half way up the slope of Mt. San Jacinto, two miles northwest of Palm



THE DESERT

by
LORETTA
BERNER

The Witch,
taken at about
Paseo Anza and
El Alameda.
Photo by
Collis H. Steere.



Springs, is still pointed out to interested newcomers. A good point from which to view this impressive landmark is in the vicinity of North Palm Springs (formerly Garnet) near the area of Indian Avenue and Interstate 10, and it is also visible from Desert Hot Springs. An old timer at the Hot Springs, Cabot Yerxa, used to advertise that his Indian Pueblo offered one of the best views of the Angel in the valley, and the Angel View Crippled Children's Foundation was named in its honor.

Viewed from a distance the Angel seems perched on the side of the mountain, the higher reaches forming a fitting backdrop to her position. She is best seen in the early morning hours of late summer and early winter, although her silhouette changes as the sun and shadows move across the valley during the

day. At times her gown seems to swirl diaphanously around her, and the features seem to change expression. As the sun moves higher in the sky she is lost to view, and skeptics say she does not exist, and is merely an optical illusion.

But anyone wishing a close view can enter the tiny Angel Springs canyon on an unpaved road located about 200 yards north of the sign locating Palm Springs City Limits, on North Palm Canyon Dr. Situated roughly three ridges north of Chino Canyon, home of the Tramway, this V-shaped gorge holds five houses in its narrow confines. Here, at the west end of the canyon, the Angel's outspread wings form the top of two ridges, and her head rests against a bit of darker rock. The sky is visible above her, as the angle of the mountain slants to the west and is

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The Witch, from Los Caballeros and Alejo Road. Photo by author.

not seen from this canyon. Since North Palm Canyon Drive is a divided highway in this area, entrance can be gained only by driving south. If northbound and you wish to stop for a leisurely view of this unusual rock formation, there is a small unpaved service road at the right of the highway, where you may turn off and see it from several different angles. Some interesting pictures can be shot from this side road and also from inside the canyon itself.

Designated on the Forestry Service maps simply as the Desert Angel, she stands guard over the entrance to San Gorgonio Pass. Although erosion has taken its toll, the head is now smaller and mountain growths have changed her shape a bit, she still stands, ever vigilant, looking eastward over the valley.

Those who would see the Witch must rise early in the morning because this illusive figure is formed by the sun's shadows on the edges of Tahquitz Canyon. By mid-morning the shadows are gone, and the entrance to the canyon is merely an outline on the hillside until another sunrise. However, during the hours the Witch is visible, she can be seen at her best advantage east of the vicinity of North Avenida Caballeros, north of Ramon Road. She photographs well from here between the hours of 6:30 and 8:30 a.m. She is visible from any part of Palm Springs that lies north of Tahquitz Canyon, and once you have spotted her,

seems like an old friend who casually comes and goes on mysterious errands.

This figure appears in several dimensions; sometimes she is a plump matronly figure, hurrying southward, carrying a round container. Her head is topped by a bushy headdress, a bundle trails behind, secured by a strap over her shoulder, her feet seem in a running position. Again she seems skinny, her head almost like a chicken's, her nose like a beak, carrying a flat object in her left hand, her right arm stretched out behind carrying a lantern.

And then there is the Madonna and Child, another rock formation on the mountainside, south of Tahquitz Canyon. Located about half way up the main range, at the top of the second ridge, there is a huge almost white formation, rather triangular in shape, its apex pointing upward. The base forms a figure holding a child, its apex is an indistinct head with a bulky headpiece on it. The form of the child faces east, the left side and arm are clear, even the fingers, although rather large for the rest of the figure, show plainly.

Early morning shadows heighten the resemblance here to the Madonna and Child. If you are driving into Palm Springs from Cathedral City the effect is quite pronounced, and the figure is especially clear from the vicinity of East Palm Canyon Drive and Sunrise Way.

For a close look at this odd forma-

tion, drive down into the small canyon by the way of South Sunrise Way and follow around La Verne Way to Palm Canyon Drive. You will be facing the figure as you drive southwest on La Verne, and can study its contours and variations. Unlike the Angel, this outcropping of white rock loses some of its imaginative resemblance to a definite figure on closer inspection and is best viewed from a distance. It photographs well however from along La Verne Way.

There is a great deal of speculation about legends concerning these landmarks. Some say the Angel was known for hundreds of years and that the Cahuilla Indians held religious ceremonies on the slope above the head. However, no allusion to an angel is found in any of the written Indian legends, or for that matter in any of the oral stories. There was no angel in their culture, and if this outcropping of rock was known to them, there seems to be no recollection of it in any of their accounts. Some modern-day writers tell about travelers being guided by this figure as they went across the desert in the day of poor roads and undependable cars. But these stories obviously cannot be regarded as "old Indian legends."

There are many legends about Tahquitz Canyon. Most of them, however, tell about events that took place inside the confines of the canyon itself, or about people who were caught up in circumstances that took them there. And if the Indians noticed that the formation of the entrance of the canyon sometimes took on the resemblance of a hurrying woman, they seem to have made very little mention of it.

This is also true of the Madonna. The sitting figure could well be said to be that of a tribal woman and child. But Witches, Angels and Madonnas were not a part of the culture of the early-day Indians. Their legends dealt with Gods, Chiefs and Princesses, and the animals of the earth.

Even so, these three landmarks do seem intimately concerned with the affairs of the valley. The Angel seems to guard the northern portion, while the Witch looks after the central area. The Madonna seems to regard the southern area as her particular province. Together their quiet vigil serves as a mute reminder of the wondrous mystery that is the desert. □

The Anza-Borrego Desert Region



The Anza-Borrego Desert Region

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By Lowell and Diana Lindsay

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NO. 28 IN A SERIES ON CALIFORNIA PALM OASES

South Indian Valley

THE ROAD fork which took us into North Indian Valley in the preceding article in this series also gives access to the southern arm of the basin. A left turn at this junction (at mile 5.6 on the log) leads into South Indian. Only two-tenths of a mile beyond the fork, a granite monolith, detached from its parent ridge stands a few hundred feet to the left of the roadway. A smoke-darkened recess marks the near side of this boulder, which is circled by bits of pottery and chipping waste. On the opposite side a great splinter of rock ten feet in length broke off at some remote date, furnishing an ideal flat surface for seed grinding. Several Diegueno morteros still dimple the slab.

Diegueno (pronounced "Dee-ay-GAIN-yo") is a Spanish, not an Indian, word meaning "belonging to (San) Diego." This name was applied to the tribesmen because they fell within the

by
DICK
BLOOMQUIST

*Boulder with
Diegueno cave and
grinding holes
in South Indian Valley.*



RAB

pale of Mission San Diego. Diegueno territory once embraced northwestern Baja California and most of the southern two-thirds of present-day San Diego County, merging somewhere along the desert's edge with the lands of a closely related Yuman tribe called Kamia or Eastern Diegueno. Today the surviving Dieguenos occupy several scattered reservations in the county.

In this sector of Indian Valley there is a sharp contrast between the sea-like flatness of the basin and the abruptness of the bordering ridges. Likening the desert to an ocean may seem strange, yet in their sweep and power the two have much in common. A desert plain meeting a mountain is not unlike the sea as it touches the mainland.

Our route meanders through fine displays of ocotillo and cholla. The chollas, appearing deceptively soft from afar, take on the look of glowing candles when backlit by the sun. Three miles from the fork, the road ends a short distance below South Indian Valley palms. As in North Indian Valley, the oasis nestles where canyon and flatlands meet. Seven Washingtonias—three adults and four youngsters—cluster near the foot of hat-shaped Sombrero Peak, and a few more trees are tucked away farther upstream. The three veterans, between 24 and 27

feet tall, grow from a common base; fire has left them with smudged trunks. Three small Washingtonias to the left and another to the right of the main group complete the tally. I saw the abandoned palm-leaf-fiber nest of an oriole hanging from the tallest tree.

Although no water surfaces at present, the tiny grove looks more lush and moist than its sister oasis to the north. Saltbush, jojoba and bladder pod, as well as most of the species already noted in North Indian, grow nearby. Several Diegueno grinding holes in the bed of the wash and a concrete cattle trough suggest that a spring once flowed here. The curving, 12-foot-long trough, built against a boulder along a now-dry channel, evidently trapped water from the oasis itself rather than receiving it by pipeline from farther up-canyon. No cattle graze Anza-Borrego Desert State Park lands today.

East of the oasis, out beyond Indian Gorge, the Coyote Mountains along the Southern Emigrant Trail break the skyline.

Crossing Indian Valley once again, we'll return to Highway S2, then drive south one and one-half miles to the state park's Mountain Palm Springs Primitive Camp, trailhead for the scattered oases of Mountain Palm Springs. □

MILEAGE LOG

- 0.0 Junction of San Diego County Road S2 and dirt road to Palm Spring in southern part of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. Drive south on S2 toward Interstate Highway 8.
- 3.1 Turn right off S2 onto dirt road. A small yellow-topped state park signpost marked "Indian Gorge" identifies the junction. **Four-wheel-drive recommended.**
- 3.7 Enter Indian Gorge.
- 4.7 Torote Canyon (elephant trees) comes in from right. Continue straight ahead.
- 4.9 Indian trail leads over low saddle on left to Palm Bowl. Continue straight ahead. In this vicinity Indian Gorge ends and Valley begins.
- 5.6 Fork. Bear Left. (Right branch leads into North Indian Valley.)
- 5.8 Boulder with Indian grinding holes a few hundred feet to left of road.
- 8.5 Road ends a few yards below palms in South Indian Valley. Elevation at oasis approximately 2320 feet.

Recipes for M'Lady

by HELEN PETERSON

OVERNIGHT DATE COOKIES

1 cup sugar (white)
 1 cup brown sugar
 3 eggs
 1 cup shortening
 ½ cup chopped dates
 4½ cups flour
 1 teaspoon soda
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening and sugars, add beaten egg. Dissolve soda in little hot water (1 Tablespoon) and add. Mix the chopped nuts and dates in sifted dry ingredients and add. Mold into long rolls about 1½ inches wide. (Add a bit more flour if necessary.) Wrap rolls in waxed paper and store in refrigerator overnight. Slice thin and bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. (Rolls may be wrapped in tin foil and stored in freezer until ready to bake.

RHUBARB-DATE BARS

Crust:

1½ cups quick oatmeal
 1½ cups flour
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 teaspoon soda
 1 cup margarine

Mix as for pie crust and put 3/4 of mixture in bottom of 9x12 baking pan.

Filling:

3 cups cut rhubarb
 1½ cups sugar
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2 Tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in
 ¼ cup water
 1 cup chopped dates.

Cook the filling until thick. Spread over crust. Sprinkle remaining crumbs of crust on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into bars when cool.

DATE NUT BARS

2 eggs
 ¾ cup sugar
 ½ cup flour (scant)
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 cup nuts
 ¾ cup dates

Separate the eggs. Beat the egg yolks until light. Add sugar and beat until foamy. Add sifted dry ingredients, nuts and dates which have been chopped together, and last add beaten egg whites.

Spread into greased and floured 8x12 baking sheet and bake 30 minutes in slow oven—approximately 300 degrees. When cool cut into bars and dip in powdered sugar. (Real chewy.)

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HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and everyone interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, routes to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II installations, etc. Hardcover, extensive index, highly recommended, \$12.50.

THE ANZA-BORREGO DESERT REGION, A Guide to the State Park and Adjacent Areas, by Lowell and Diana Lindsay. A comprehensive photo and text treatment of the world's largest desert state park and its environs told by well experienced professionals. Tours and hikes are laid out in mileage increments. Much history of this region is included. Paperback, with many maps and photos, 165 pages, \$5.95.

TONOPAH, SILVER CAMP OF NEVADA by Stanley Paher. Discovery of silver at Tonopah in the spring of 1900 brought about the fast paced 20th century mining boom in Nevada and eastern California. Ghost town author Paher captures the essence of the boom years (1900-1908) with a snappy text and unpublished photographs. Large format, paperback, \$1.95.

MONO DIGGINGS, by Frank S. Wedertz. A highly readable and accurate account of one of California's almost forgotten corners by a member of a pioneering family. Mono County was the setting for some of the most interesting, if generally not overly-productive gold mining operations in state history. Bodie and Mono Lake are perhaps the best known points in modern times. Paperback, 256 pages, \$9.95.

SOUTHWEST INDIAN CRAFT ARTS by Clara Lee Tanner. One of the best books on the subject, covering all phases of the culture of the Indians of the Southwest. Authentic in every way. Color and black and white illustrations, line drawings. Hardcover, 205 pages, \$15.00.



THE GUNFIGHTERS by Dale T. Schoenberger. Certainly the most carefully researched book ever published on the lives of seven legendary man-killers who played violent roles in that vast empire west of the Missouri a century ago. More than a decade of research has produced these exciting stories, supported by footnotes, a bibliography of over 500 reference sources and a most unusual collection of historic photographs. Pictures are such places as the Dodge House, the Long Branch Saloon, and the OK Corral. Cloth, boxed, \$12.95.

INDIAN JEWELRY MAKING by Oscar T. Branson. This book is intended as a step-by-step how-to-do-it method of making jewelry. An intriguing all-color publication that is an asset to the consumer as well as to the producer of Indian jewelry today because it provides the basic knowledge of how jewelry is made so one can judge if it is well made and basically good design. Large format, paperback, \$7.95.

THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS by Edmund C. Jaeger. A long-time authority on all phases of desert areas and life, Dr. Jaeger's book on the North American Deserts should be carried wherever you travel. It not only describes each of the individual desert areas, but has illustrated sections on desert insects, reptiles, birds, mammals and plants. 315 pages, illustrated, photographs, line drawings and maps. Hardcover, \$7.95.

CENTRAL ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS, by Robert L. Spude and Stanley W. Paher. America's historic gold and silver empire in Central Arizona produced more than 50 short-lived towns and mining centers, which are described and located precisely in this book. Good map, many rare photographs and precise directions on how to get there. Paperback, 50 pages, \$2.95.

DESERT GEM TRAILS by Mary Frances Strong. DESERT Magazine's Field Trip Editor's popular field guide for rockhounds. The "bible" for both amateur and veteran rockhounds and back country explorers, and covers the gems and minerals of the Mojave and Colorado Deserts. Heavy paperback, 80 pages, \$2.00.

DESERT RIVER CROSSING, Historic Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River, by W. L. Rusho and C. Gregory Crampton. A graphic history of the major site along the Colorado between Glen Canyon and Grand Canyon, its residents, exploiters and a bit of the natural and ancient history of its strategic location at the only place in more than 150 miles either up or downstream that you can safely get any kind of vehicle to the river bank. Paperback, 126 pages, many maps and photos, \$5.95.

LAND OF POCO TIEMPO by Charles F. Lummis. A reprint of the famous writer and historian of his adventures among the Indians of New Mexico. Lummis was one of the foremost writers of the West. Paperback, 236 pages, \$2.95.

GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS by Nell Murbarger. A reprint of Arizona history by one of the desert's outstanding reporters. Old mines, towns, army posts, people and areas are reborn into vivid life by an expert writer who knows her areas and subjects. With handy locator maps and many photographs. Paperback, \$7.95.

SOVEREIGNS OF THE SAGE by Nell Murbarger. A collection of previously told tales about the people and the places of the great American Southwest by the original author, a longtime reporter of the desert. Many photographs, some of them now lost, several excellent Norton Allen Maps. Paperback, \$7.95.

BAJA CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK by Walt Wheelock and Howard E. Gulick, formerly Gerhard and Gulick's Lower California Guidebook. This totally revised fifth edition is up-to-the-minute for the Transpeninsular paved highway, with new detailed mileages and descriptive text. Corrections and additions are shown for the many side roads, ORV routes, trails and little-known byways to desert, mountain, beach and bay recesses. Folding route maps are in color and newly revised for current accuracy. Indispensable reference guide, hardcover, \$10.50.

THE SAN GABRIELS, Southern California Mountain Country, by John W. Robinson. A large format picture book filled with the history of metropolitan Los Angeles' rugged back country, written by one of the Southwest's best known mountain trailfinders and authors. Hardcover, \$19.95, 214 pages, more than 200 photographs.

THE CAHUILLA INDIANS by Harry James. A comparatively small and little known tribe, the Cahuilla Indians played an important part in the early settlement of Southern California. Today, the Cahuilla Indians are active in social and civic affairs in Riverside County and own valuable property in and around Palm Springs. This revised edition is an authentic and complete history of these native Americans. Hardcover, illustrated, 185 pages, \$7.50.

OLD FORTS OF THE NORTHWEST by H. M. Hart. Over 200 photos and maps. Exciting pictorial history of the military posts that opened the West—the forts, the generals like Custer and Sheridan, the soldiers and their lives, the Indians, etc. Large format, hardcover, originally published at \$12.50, now priced at \$5.95.

HELDORADOS, GHOST AND CAMPS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST by Norman D. Wels. The author takes you on a 7,000-mile tour of the Old Southwest, visiting some 67 ghost towns and abandoned mining camps, one never before mentioned in written history. 285 excellent photos. Hardcover, 320 pages, \$9.95.

THE WEST

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SUCCESSFUL COIN HUNTING by Charles L. Garrett. An informative study of coin hunting, this is a complete guide on where to search, metal detector selection and use, digging tools and accessories, how to dig and the care and handling of coins. A classic book in the field. Newly revised, paperback, \$5.95.

TRACKING DOWN OREGON, by Ralph Friedman. An excellent general history of California's northern neighbor, which has as much desert of a different description plus a lot of sea coast and exciting history. Many photographs of famous people and places and good directions how to get there. Paperback, 307 pages, more than 100 photographs, \$5.95.

Don Holm's Book of **FOOD DRYING, PICKLING AND SMOKE CURING** by Don and Myrtle Holm. A complete manual for all three basic methods of food processing and preservation without refrigeration or expensive canning equipment. Also contains instructions and plans for building the equipment needed at home. An excellent publication and highly recommended for the homemaker, camp cook or the expedition leader. Paperback, well illustrated, \$4.95.

THE MAN WHO CAPTURED SUNSHINE, A Biography of John W. Hilton by Katherine Ainsworth. Although John Hilton is best known as the "Dean of American Desert Painters," he is also a distinguished botanist, gemologist, zoologist, noted writer and linguist, guitarist and singer. Anyone who has seen or heard of Hilton's marvelous talent will want to have this delightfully written biography. Hardcover, includes eight beautiful four-color reproductions of his paintings, \$12.95.

LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST by John D. Mitchell. The first of Mitchell's lost mine books. Contains 54 articles based on accounts from people Mitchell interviewed. He spent his entire adult life investigating reports and legends of lost mines and treasures of the Southwest. Hardcover, illustrated, 175 pages, \$7.50.

AN UNNATURAL HISTORY OF DEATH VALLEY, With Reflections on the Valley's Varmints, Virgins, Vandals and Visionaries, by Paul Bailey. An irreverent history of Death Valley and its annual 49ers Encampment, by a noted writer and editor who has been there every year since. Mixed in with the humor is a little real history coupled with outstanding Bill Bender sketches. Paperback, 83 pages, with 50 sketches and photographs, \$3.50.

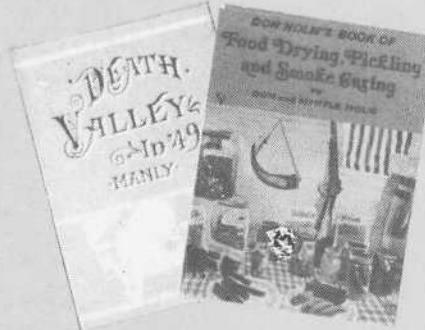
RAILROADS OF NEVADA AND EASTERN CALIFORNIA VOL. I by David F. Myrick. The poignant record of over 43 railroads of Northern Nevada, many of them never before chronicled. Fantastic reproduction of rare photographs and maps (over 500). A deluxe presentation. Large format, hardcover, \$15.00.

THE SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN TOURS by D. H. Thomas. The history of the Santa Fe-Fred Harvey bus and auto tours that brought visitors to previously little-known Indian villages and pueblos. Files of the railroad were widely used for this book. Hardcover, \$8.95; paperback, \$5.95. 327 pages.

WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this excellent book on all the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, illustrated, \$3.95.

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GHOST TOWN ATLAS and **SOUTHWESTERN GHOST TOWN ATLAS** by Robert Neil Johnson. These atlases are excellent do-it-yourself guides to lead you back to scenes and places of the early West. Some photos and many detailed maps with legends and bright, detailed descriptions of what you will see; also mileage and highway designations. Heavy paperback, each contains 48 pages, each \$2.00.

CHUCK WAGON COOKIN' by Stella Hughes. Recipes collected straight from the source—cowboy cooks. Contains Mexican recipes, instructions for deep-pit barbecue and the art of using Dutch ovens for cooking everything from sourdough biscuits to Son-of-Gun stew. Paperback, 170 pages, \$4.95.



SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAIN TRAILS by John W. Robinson. Easy one-day and more rugged hiking trips into the San Bernardino, San Jacinto and Santa Rosa Mountains of Southern California. 100 hiking trails are described in detail and illustrated so you will not get lost. Heavy paperback, map, 258 pages, \$6.95.

BACK COUNTRY ROADS AND TRAILS, SAN DIEGO COUNTY by Jerry Schad. Concentrating on the mountains and desert of So. California's San Diego County, there are trips to the Palomar Mountains, the Julian area, the Cuyamaca Mountains, the Laguna Mountains, and the Anza-Borrego Desert. Trips reachable by car, bicycle or on foot. Paperback, 96 pages, illustrated with maps and photographs, \$3.95.

THE BLACK ROCK DESERT, by Sessions S. Wheeler. One of Nevada's least-known and most scenic historical desert areas is described by the state's leading professional historian and author. Black Rock is part of the huge Great Desert Basin and was the setting for Indian battles and several tragic incidents during the 1849 California Gold Rush. Paperback, 186 pages, many black and white photographs, sketches and maps, \$4.95.

CHLORIDE MINES AND MURALS, artist Roy E. Purcell, edited by Stanley Paher. Life in this north-western Arizona mining camp is recalled by lifelong residents. Unpublished photos show the Chloride of old. An interpretation of the Chloride murals also is given by the one who painted them. A new area map shows other ghost towns to visit. Large format, \$1.95.

THE LIFE OF THE DESERT by Ann and Myron Sutton. This fascinating volume explains all of the vital inter-relationships that exist between the living things and the physical environment of our vast desert regions. More than 100 illustrations in full color. Helpful appendices contain comprehensive index and glossary. Special features on endangered species, lizards and poisonous animals. Hardcover, 232 pages, profusely illustrated, \$7.50.

NEVADA GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS by Stanley W. Paher. Covering all of Nevada's 17 counties, Paher has documented 575 mining camps, many of which have been erased from the earth. The book contains the greatest and most complete collection of historic photographs of Nevada ever published. This, coupled with his excellent writing and map, creates a book of lasting value. Large format, 700 photographs, hardcover, 492 pages, \$17.50.

DEATH VALLEY IN '49, by William Lewis Manly. The newest reprint of a Death Valley classic, written by one of the heroes of its most tragic period, with a new foreword by the superintendent of the Death Valley National Monument. Paperback, 498 pages, \$8.95.

ROCK DRAWINGS OF THE COSO RANGE by Campbell Grant, James Baird and J. Kenneth Pringle. A Maturango Museum publication, this book tells of sites of rock art in the Coso Range which, at 4,000 feet, merges with the flatlands of the northern Mojave Desert. Paperback, illustrated, detailed drawings, maps, 144 pages, \$5.75.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE COMMON AND INTERESTING PLANTS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA by Jeanette Coyle and Norman Roberts. Over 250 plants are described with 189 color photos. Includes past and present uses of the plants by aborigines and people in Baja today. Scientific, Spanish and common names are given. Excellent reference and highly recommended. 224 pages, paperback, \$8.50.

CALIFORNIA DESERT WILDFLOWERS by Philip A. Munz. Illustrated with both line drawings and beautiful color photos, and descriptive text by one of the desert's finest botanists. Paperback, \$3.95.

CACTUS IDENTIFIER Including Succulent Plants by Helmut Bechtel. This gem of a little book contains 119 beautiful color photographs of cacti and succulent plants. Detailed descriptions of each, plus where they are to be found, and how to care for them. 256 pages of informative reading, hardcover, \$4.95.

TEMALPAKH by Lowell John Bean and Katherine Siva Saubel. Temalpakh means "from the earth," in Cahuilla, and covers the many uses of plants used for food, medicine, rituals and those used in the manufacturing of baskets, sandals, hunting tools; and plants used for dwellings. Makes for a better understanding of environmental and cultural relationships. Well illustrated, 225 pages, hardcover, \$10.00; paperback, \$6.50.

THE CREATIVE OJO BOOK by Diane Thomas. Instructions for making the colorful yarn talismans originally made by Pueblo and Mexican Indians. Included are directions for wall-hung ojos, necklaces, mobiles and gift-wraff tie-ons. Well illustrated with 4-color photographs, 52 pages, paperback, \$2.95.

LOST LEGENDS OF THE SILVER STATE by Gerald B. Higgs. The author provides interesting reading on 16 legends about the golden age of Nevada. Illustrated with rare old photos. Hardcover, 147 pages, \$7.95.

RAILROADS OF ARIZONA VOL. I by David F. Myrick. More than 30 railroads of Southern Arizona are presented, together with 542 nostalgic illustrations, 55 special maps and an Index. A valuable travel guide and a reliable historical reference. Large format, hardcover, 477 pages, \$19.50.

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Pinyon Flat Memories . . .

I enjoyed the article "Picturesque Pinyon Flat" (August, '78) very much. This area will always hold a special place in my heart as I spent part of my life growing up there (weekends and vacations from 1941 until last year).

I have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Elmer Dunn, Mr. Ernest Arnaiz and Mr. Jim Wellman (also his wife, Gerry).

In addition to those mentioned, some of the other interesting people who have lived in the area include Mr. Arthur Nightengale (founder of the original subdivision), Mr. "Desert" Steve Ragsdale (founder of Desert Center) and his secretary, Ms. Terry Low, Mr. Wilson Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their two burros, Mr. Val Bixby and Mr. Frank Steele.

Just knowing these people, as well as many others, and remembering the beauty of the area, will make Pinyon Flat a second home no matter where I might reside.

HARRY M. QUINN,
Franktown, Colorado.

Notes on Jimson Weed . . .

We found your article, "Jimson Weed," by Ron Scogin in the December, 1978 issue of your magazine very interesting. The author is to be congratulated on an enlightening and thorough discussion of the colorful history of Jimson Weed. Mr. Scogin's discussion, and the extensive use of the atropine-like drugs in clinical medicine underscores Paracelsus's 16th century assertion that "All substances are poisons, the right dose differentiates a poison and a remedy."

There are about 5,000,000 poisonings annually in the United States, with 90 percent of these occurring in children. Plants are second only to drugs as causes of poisoning. Thus we are particularly concerned that your readers receive the best possible advice in dealing with a poisoning emergency. We recommend:

1. Keep Syrup of Ipecac in every medicine cabinet and first aid kit.
2. Contact your nearest poison control center whenever possible for treatment instructions.
3. Know and avoid the potentially poisonous plants in your area.

4. Keep all prescription and non-prescription medications away from children (locked if possible).

Use of salt water to induce vomiting (emesis) as recommended on page 29 of referenced article, has resulted in several deaths. Syrup of Ipecac is much more effective and safer. It is a non-prescription medication, comes in 1 oz. bottles and has a long shelf life.

Poison control centers have been developed across the country to provide rapid, accurate first aid advice for poison victims. They will be able to direct you to the nearest appropriate medical facility as required.

Among the best Poison Control Centers are:

Southeast Texas Poison Center
(713) 765-1420

Rocky Mountain Poison Center
(303) 629-1123

Intermountain Regional Poison Control Center
(801) 581-2151

San Diego Poison Information Center
(714) 294-6000

LAWRENCE SPYKER,
Lima, Ohio.

D. A. SPYKER, Ph.D., M.D.,
Director, Blue Ridge Poison Control Ctr.,
Charlottesville, Virginia.

To Bee or Not to Bee . . .

In the January issue of *Desert Magazine*, the author of "Whitewater Palms, Hidden but Close to Civilization," committed a distinctly dastardly deed, but nobody, to this hour at least, has caught him up.

Bill Jennings, that's his name, wrote about a remote palm oasis not generally listed in the tourist guides, and that's to his credit and knowledge of the Colorado Desert's back corners, but he maligned the memory of one of Southern California's pioneer lepidopterists, W. G. Wright, calling him, instead, an "oldtime beekeeper." Shame on you, Mr. Jennings, a writer I will henceforth read with great skepticism!

Mr. Wright, the author of the first definitive volume on his subject, "Butterflies of the Pacific Coast," had many species named for him as their discoverer and was widely respected, professionally, as a supreme cabinet maker in the San Bernardino area. But a bee-keeper he weren't! Or at least, it was only one of his lesser skills.

I found this fact, or body of data as the scientists say, when I began to research the history of his most famous find, *Dinapate wrighti Horn*, a mammoth beetle that still infests the native palm groves of the California desert and Baja California. Please set the record straight.

BILL JENNINGS,
Hemet, California.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

MARCH 17 & 18, "Earth Treasures," sponsored by the Stockton Lapidary and Mineral Club, Scottish Rite Temple, 33 West Alpine, Stockton, California. Demonstrations, dealer display and sales areas.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, 12th Annual River Gemboree "Copper Bonanza" sponsored by the Silvery Colorado River Rock Club, Junior High School, Hancock Road, Holiday Shores, Bullhead City, Arizona. Copper and associated mineral displays. Demonstrators, dealers, parking and admission free.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, the Northrop Recreation Gem and Mineral Club will present its 19th annual show, 2815 W. El Segundo Blvd., and Wilkie Avenue, Hawthorne, California. Parking and admission free. Dealer spaces filled.

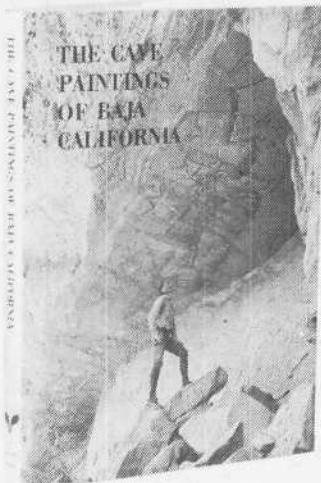
MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, Monterey Bay Mineral Society of Salinas, Inc., presents their 32nd Annual Rock & Gem Show, Masonic Temple, 48 San Joaquin St., Salinas, California. Dealer space filled.

MARCH 18, 1979, Annual Desert Gardens Walk of the Anza-Borrego Committee, 11 a.m. at the new Visitor Center near Anza-Borrego Desert State Park headquarters. Tours of the building as well as audio-visual programs in the small auditorium. There will be archeology and paleontology demonstrations. Plant, wildflower, bird and general desert walks will be led by State Park Rangers. The Visitor Center is a short distance west of the community of Borrego Springs, Calif. Plenty of parking. Bring good walking shoes, sun-shade hat, lunch and water (for hikes). Information available at park office.

MARCH 24 & 25, 1979, "Stone Age '79" Show, sponsored by the Santa Ana Rock & Mineral Club, Laborers and Hodcarriers Union Hall, 1532 East Chestnut, Santa Ana, California.

MARCH 30-APRIL 1, Second Annual F.F.P. Invitational Western Art Rendezvous, Hilton Ranch, Twentynine Palms, California. Over 20 well known Western and Indian artists will be represented. Barbeque, auction and dance on Saturday night.

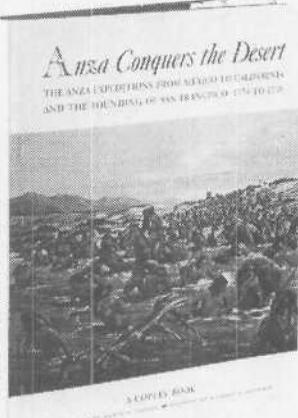
EXPLORING OLD CALIFORNIA AND BAJA



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Copley Books, La Jolla, Calif.

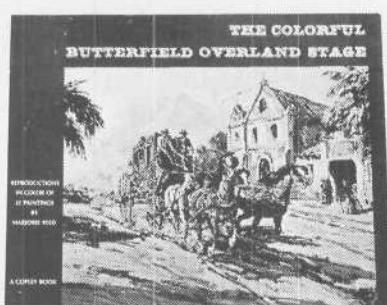
The Cave Paintings of Baja California

A dazzling report on a vast array of the great murals of an unknown people, filled with pages and pages of full color reproductions. A handsome book written by Harry Crosby. List price \$18.50.



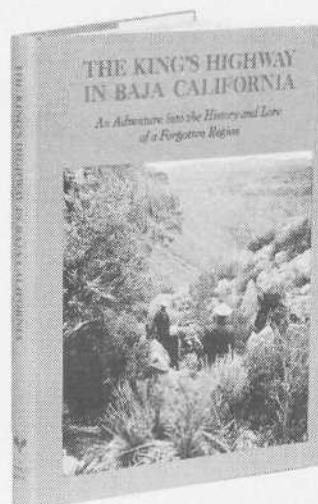
Anza Conquers The Desert

A vivid portrayal of Captain Juan Bautista de Anza's conquest of the Great Desert—an arid wasteland that had impeded the northern advance of the Spanish Empire for 200 years. List price \$12.50.



The Colorful Butterfield Overland Stage

A story in art and text on how the West was first linked to the East. This book depicts the California section, by far the most colorful of the entire route. A new and revised edition of the popular book of the famed paintings by Marjorie Reed Creese which are accompanied by a text for each illustration. List price \$6.50.



The King's Highway in Baja California

Retracing the ancient Mission Road for the first time in 100 years. A fascinating report of exploration in search for the trail of the padres in neighboring Baja California. Beautifully illustrated with photographs, sketches, maps. Cloth. 182 pages. List price \$14.50



Our Historic Desert

The beauty, lore and history of America's largest state park — the Anza-Borrego Desert. Magnificent photographs . . . many in full-page color . . . trails and sketches. A thoughtful gift for those who love the desert. List price \$10.50.

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Stephen J. Hubbell
THERON IMLAY
James Ralph Johnson
Wayne Justus
Charles S. LaMonk

special guest artist

Burt Procter

plus invitational artists

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Roger Broer
Mike Desatnick
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*By Invitation — April 27
Open to the Public — April 28 & 29*